

July 9, 1932

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THE WEEKLY



The Doubts of Owen D. Young - By O.P. White

July 9, 1932

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"THE faithful and considerate reading of these books will give any man the essentials of a liberal education even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day"—that was the promise of Dr. Eliot. From a lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, he chose the few really great mind-building books in all the world for your library. You get from them the broad viewpoint and the culture that are the tools of success.

"Your arrangement of passages for daily reading from *The Harvard Classics* has resulted in a very enticing bill of fare. I doubt whether any other

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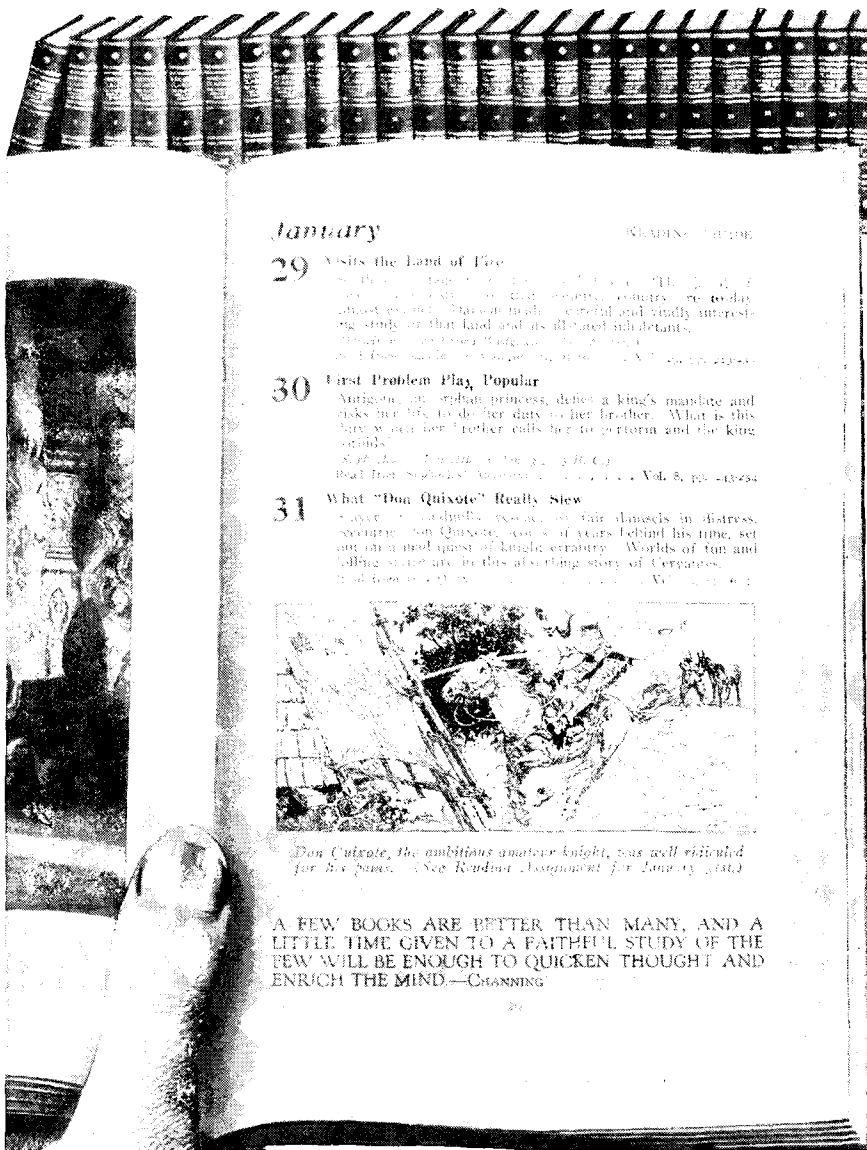
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

President of Smith College

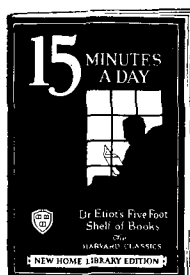
"As I ran through that inimitable reading guide, *'Fifteen Minutes a Day,'* I pictured three types of women who would find it invaluable—the woman of leisure with her multiplicity of social obligations; the woman of business whose mind must be keen to meet both professional and social competition; and the club woman who must study constantly or fall behind her co-workers."

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Author of "Standard Etiquette"



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Here's a book that every lover of literature will want for his library table. No ordinary booklet, but a literary gem. It contains a collection of invaluable facts, including the plan of reading outlined by Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator.

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"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.

WHAT are the few great books really worth reading? How shall a busy man or woman find them? This problem has been wonderfully solved for you by Dr. Charles W. Eliot. He has made it possible for you, by reading little, still to be well read.

His influence on America cannot be calculated, but that it was prodigious must be admitted when one considers the thousands of men who passed under his eye and hand in the 40 years he was President of Harvard. But that he reached far beyond the Cambridge walls may be seen in thousands of home libraries throughout the land. Many

denied any other guidance have gained a speaking acquaintance with the world's classics through—Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (*The Harvard Classics*). Pleasure, self satisfaction, entertainment and at the same time the delight of mental growth—these are the ideas behind *The Harvard Classics*. In all the world there is no other such grouping of the few imperishable writings which picture the whole progress of civilization. Send for the free booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading and tells how he has put into the Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education."

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next week

COME up into the stands and take a look at that kid. The shortstop, I mean. That's Sand-lot Joe Perelli, nineteen—it's his first season in the league. The champions are out to smash his crowd today; his pitcher is in trouble and Joe is carrying the team. Watch him beat down the attack, turn it aside, launch the counter-attack with ringing hits. Listen to him, talking all the time, riding the tough-guy enemy, driving his own mates to new effort, lifting the team along.

Yesterday he was scared of his own shadow, a bundle of nerves—just a once-promising rookie that couldn't stand the pace. What produced the change? Well, it's an envelope Joe has in his pocket. He thinks there's "A Ticket to Arizona" in it, but he's wrong. Talbert Josselyn explains.

IN ST. LOUIS lives the man who gave Colonel Lindbergh his first job. He wasn't a colonel then, of course—they called him Slim, and Harry H. Perkins hired him as a stunt pilot in his air circus. But even in those days there was something that set him apart from his fellow pilots. He liked to rough-house, he was fond of practical jokes—but always he preserved a remote sort of dignity and he showed very plainly, even then, the elements of that character which in recent weeks of tragedy has won him renewed worldwide admiration. Mr. Perkins gives you a vivid picture of "The Real Lindbergh."

"THOSE mountains!" Viola shuddered, glancing back at the Pyrenees. "They're closing in behind us like a pack of wolves."

They were bound on an unlawful mission, she and Derrick, across the Spanish border from St. Jean de Luz. Adventure and romance lay ahead of them—and the possibility of imprisonment and death. In a colorful and fast-moving story of modern Spain, Coningsby Dawson gives you "The End of Adventure," which, as Derrick remarked, is really only the beginning.

THERE was one thing wrong with Theo Irving: she was far too healthy. She liked hot dogs and shoot-the-chutes and roller coasters. And that was just too bad because, in the movies, Theo looked like a world-weary sophisticate. "In her heart," wrote her lyrical press agent, "are locked the secrets of all woman-kind; in her eyes the light that sears men's souls." And then she ate hot dogs. But that wasn't the worst of it. The worst was that she fell in love with a football player. Matt Taylor tells you what happened to this "Woman of the World."

JOHN B. KENNEDY, Richard Connell, Hagar Wilde, Clinton W. Gilbert and others contribute stories and articles to an accompaniment of shouts and shudders by courtesy of Messrs. Wodehouse and Rohmer. A good time, we prophesy, will be had by all.

collier's

this week

July 9, 1932

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any week

WE ARE not writing this from the several places to which we have been condemned by those who do not agree with our opinions on indiscriminate bonuses, compensations and pensions for veterans. We enjoyed their letters, however, and find novelty in such as Mr. Christy Thengbord's. From Quincy, Illinois, Mr. Thengbord calls us a "filthy trull," chasing us straight to our dictionary. We find there that we are not a trull. Of course we get lots of letters congratulating us on our stand.

MOST of the statues of our great men make us suspect that the commissions that erected them were not entirely friendly. Therefore, while we're properly flattered we're also suspicious of a bit from Mr. Clarence Martin of Los Angeles, one of whose neighbors is promoting a Hall of Fame.

"Could I," asks he, "interest you in a statue? Be popular now and immortal forever. Send me \$50,000 now and fool your friends."

FRIENDS of Mr. R. J. Weeks of New York may be glad to know that he ran all out of patience last week when a neatly dressed gentleman accosted him, hand out, and said: "Listen, mister, could you slip me fifty cents toward a meal?" Mr. Weeks had just consumed a forty-cent one himself.



"AS YOU seem to know all about Congress, prohibition, international debts and so forth," pleads Miss Eugenia E. Roesner of Lynn, Massachusetts, "will you please tell me what to do about my radio? It's wonderful. One minute it is telling me that I'm unpatriotic if I do not demand inflation, whatever that is. Next I am asked bluntly whether I am going to stand by and see my beloved country smothered to death with fiat money, whatever that is. Has this anything to do with prohibition, whatever that is; and if so, prohibition of what?"

THESE old eyes are unable to decipher the name of the town Mr. G. E. Shoemaker writes from, but it doesn't matter. The man is smoking with ideas. As a mechanic, Mr. Shoemaker urges an amendment to our Federal Constitution that would act as "an automatic dumping device." Every thirty years, we gather, the device would deposit the whole Constitution into our laps for us to rewrite and revamp in the interests of modernism and conformity. He would ordain that no law have "a span of life of more than twenty years, in which time it must have proved its value or lack thereof." Books and legal precedents

would be subjected to the same tests under the Shoemaker Plan. He asks us whether we think this would make the country better. We don't know about that; but we agree it would make the country different.

AND Mrs. Eulia J. Sigmundsen of Duluth, Minnesota, says she knows of a farmer who smiles all day. He has a hired man (twelve dollars a month and found) who used to be a vice president of a bank that refused to lend him a hundred and twenty-five dollars in 1930.



GRATEFUL to our harried nerves are the words of Mrs. Thomas DeSilver, who writes from Mexico City that "little that is not good has come to Mexico through the depression."

"It has," she writes, "driven the gringo oil racketeer out of this country. Mexico is now in the brown hands of Mexicans and a gentle serenity is on the land. It is a gorgeous place to live in and will continue to be as long as the white hand is kept out of Mexican politics and commerce. Come on down."

"IN THE excitement of the past few weeks," writes Mr. Tom Kedney of Wadsworth, Nevada, "did you overlook the variegated beauties of Senator Key Pittman's expense account for that western junket, including nice long stops at Los Angeles, San Diego and Agua Caliente, to study the American wild-game situation, with particular emphasis on elk? Personally, I think that Senator Pittman, one of our very rich men, was pretty conservative at that. It cost the government only \$4,612.68 including stenographers, valets, airplanes, caviar and tips. But, read it as you will, you find no facials, manicures or permanents. Out here we think the stenographers were taken along to record the snickers of the guides and the applause of Hollywood."

MR. DAVE JONES of Fresno, California, insists that we banish from our fiction all girls who smoke cigarettes, because "stories about girls who light cigarettes do not interest decent people."

YOU may have noticed that the country is now teeming with ladies and gentlemen who insist upon proving to you that there is absolutely no use going on if you do not vote for their candidate-employer. Mr. Bruce Craven of Trinity, North Carolina, has observed it and he says it reminds him of what a hot advocate of some office-seeker said to President Cleveland.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Cleveland, "but I am reliably informed that this man once stole a sheep."

"But Mr. President," protested the apologist, "it was a very, very small sheep."

IF THERE WERE ONLY TWO TELEPHONES IN YOUR TOWN



IF THERE were only two telephones in your town the fortunate possessors would probably put them on pedestals in the most prominent places in their homes. Neighbors would flock to see them. Children would clamor to touch them. Bolder ones would lift the receiver to hear the magic voice—then hang up suddenly in bewilderment.

Because the telephone is in millions of

homes and offices and is so much a part of our daily lives, it is not regarded with this strange awe. Yet the miracle of it is no less real. The magic of it is no less powerful.

At any hour of the day or night you can talk to almost anybody, anywhere—to far countries and to ships at sea.

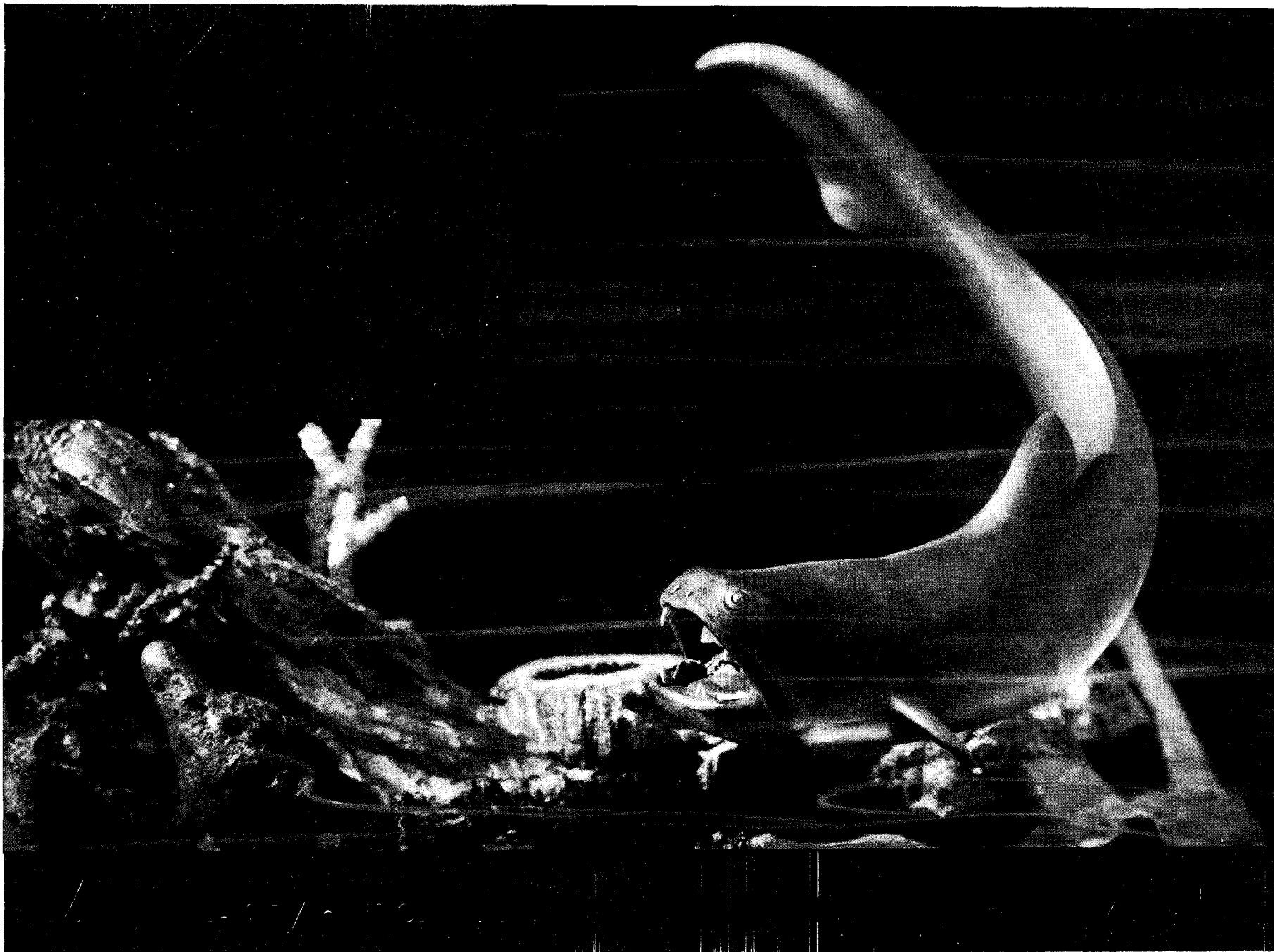
The first wonder is that you can talk to folks around the corner.

The second wonder is that the service is so organized that you can talk to people in far away lands. The third wonder—perhaps the greatest of all—is that telephone service is so inexpensive.

Of all things purchased, there is none that costs so little and brings you so much convenience, security and achievement as the telephone.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



The Devonian Age of a hundred million years ago was the source of two wonders:—the tremendous, saw-toothed fishes whose fossils you see in famous museums—and the crude oil found in the Bradford-Allegany District of the Pennsylvania field which Sinclair refines into Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

Bradford-Allegany crude is Pennsylvania's costliest crude. Sinclair pays an extra price for every barrel of Bradford-Allegany crude because of its remarkable lubricating quality—a quality which was established by the

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Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Pennsylvania according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication Index. Notice how quietly your engine runs. Observe how the oil stands up—how, at draining

time, it comes out of your crankcase almost as good as it went in. Notice, particularly, how little oil has been used up—positive, visible proof of protection for the last mile as well as the first!

NOTE: For those who prefer a Mid-continent motor oil Sinclair dealers also sell Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, blended from the oldest Mid-continent crudes (mellowed 80 million years) and de-waxed and freed from petroleum jelly at as low as 60° F. below zero. Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.), New York, N. Y.

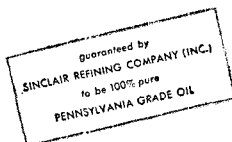
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He Needed a Model

The story of a girl who had to use her head to find her heart

By L. Edelston

There, clinging to the arm of a handsome young man, was Lolita. There, with his arm being clung to, was Mac

FOR the fifth time Jeff Bolton insisted. And for the fifth time Jean Harrington shook her head. She couldn't possibly marry him. Not ever. There was something about the way the back of his neck bulged over his collar.

Jeff mopped his brow. "Trouble with you, Jean, is that you don't know your own mind. Some day you will marry me. I know that. Just as I know that the sun will rise tomorrow morning. Besides, how are you going to live, now that you haven't a cent in the world?"

"Oh, I'll take in back stairs to scrub," said Jean, "or something. Mother and I will manage. We aren't the only people on earth who ever lost everything they had."

Jeff snorted. "Preposterous. Do you expect me to believe you'll ever last a

month in a place like this?" With a gesture of contempt he indicated the shabby lobby of the third-rate hotel to which the Harringtons, mother and daughter, had removed from their lost splendor. "The place reeks. It positively smells of stale carpet."

"You're telling me?" Inwardly Jean shrank from the cushions of the chair she sat in. But outwardly she stood her ground. "It smells of worse things than that—upstairs."

"Jean, Jean," Jeff implored her. But it was no use. He arose to go. "Some day you'll see the light." Then, with a stiff bow, the heir to the Bolton bank account eased himself out of the dingy hotel.

Jean sighed. It was just her luck that the wealthiest man she'd ever known should give her the creeps ac-

companied by an acute sickish feeling amidship. It was also just her luck to have to give him the air on the very evening when the Harrington assets had dwindled to ninety-seven cents.

THE next day, she was standing before the Louis XVI mirror in Stein-Bergman's wrap department, in an evening gown and a wrap of crimson velvet that trailed on the carpet. A big blond sales clerk smoothed the fur collar in place and appraised her with a cold eye.

"If I could wear clothes as good as you can," said the big blonde, "I wouldn't be here. Now draw it tight around your hips. That's it. And let the fur slide back off one shoulder. That's it. Now go and walk around till the boss sends for you. Just between

you and I, that piece of merchandise you've got on is a dog, and he knows it. And when he sees how good you look even in that, he'll hire you all right. Boy! If I could wear clothes like you."

Jean smiled and moved superbly on, in a trail of crimson velvet. Customers stood and stared at her. "Look!" they said.

No one could have supposed, to behold her, that she had exactly ninety-seven cents left in the world and that something inside her head was hammering so violently that she couldn't be quite certain whether Stein-Bergman's great crystal chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling or the floor. If only she could be sure that this buyer person, whoever he was, would hire her. If only he'd send for her and have the misery over.

A little group of men approached her. They were without hats, so they must be employees. Two of them were short and dumpy and nondescript. The third was taller and younger and had jet-black hair slicked to his head in such even waves that it looked like very good quality black moiré caracul. They stood directly in her path and appraised her, with grim expressionless faces.

"Turn around," said one of the men.

"Humph," said another pettishly. "How do you like that wrap you have on?" asked the tall one with the black caracul hair.

Jean flashed him a bright, confidential smile. The wrap was pretty terrible. Anyone could see it was pretty terrible. She knew the right answer, even if her head was hammering.

"It's pretty terrible," she said sweetly, as one discerning soul to another.

The little group stiffened and glared at her. "Don't you know you shouldn't say a thing like that about Stein-Bergman merchandise?"

Jean flushed. Who were these impertinent and insignificant-looking men, anyway? They couldn't be much. "I'm sorry if I've said the wrong thing," she informed them as patiently as she could. "But really, if you didn't want my opinion, should you have asked for it?"

In the midst of the pandemonium that followed, the man with the black caracul hair swept the red velvet wrap from her shoulders. "This should never have been in stock. It's already sold to one of our best customers." He glowered at Jean. "See me in my office," he said. "At once." He marched off, the wrap billowing after him over his arm.

A LIGHT began to dawn in Jean's tired head. An awful light. She followed him into an office where he had seated himself at a desk.

"My name is MacIntyre," he said. "I'm the buyer for this department. Those two men who were with me are the vice presidents of Stein-Bergman." He fixed his piercing black eyes on Jean's face. "You, I presume, are applying for a position as model."

"I am," said Jean. "That is, I was."

"Sit down," said Mr. MacIntyre. "Have you ever worked before?"

Jean shook her head. Her eyes were full of a mist that she tried to blink away.

"Obviously not," he said. "How badly do you need a job?"

"Very badly."

"Hm," said Mr. MacIntyre. He tapped the red velvet wrap that lay on his desk. "That is just about the worst-looking wrap on earth. You know it, and I know it. Fortunately there is one woman in the world who looks wonderful in it. Lolita—the Argentine dancer." He patted the velvet affectionately. "You'll see it on her this winter, when her show opens in New York." For a moment he looked steadily at Jean as though he were coming to conclusions about her. Then he arose to terminate the interview.

"I have only one thing to ask of you," he said. "In the future, please allow your opinions and my opinions to remain a secret between us."

Jean struggled to her feet. "You aren't actually hiring me, are you?"

He nodded and the light glinted on his shiny black hair. "Don't bawl—it'll spoil your face. Just run along and make all the short stouts believe they'll look just as ravishing as you in our wraps."

So Jean didn't bawl. Not then. She waited till she got to bed that night. And then she cried herself to sleep. In the morning she woke up feeling perfectly marvelous. It was the first time she'd felt perfectly marvelous since she and her mother had moved away from a world where everything was beautiful into a dark corner where everything was ugly. She even sang while she brushed her teeth, which is a very difficult thing to do.

"Not that I'm going to allow myself to get goofy over this very commonplace young man—even if he did practically save my life," she assured herself as she rushed off to work.

And she stuck to her promise. She didn't get goofy over him. She merely worked for him. Eight hours a day

she walked the floor for him. Up and down and back and forth. She smiled at customers—smiled at them till her face ached as wretchedly as her feet ached. She modeled stately coats for debutantes and coy coats for dowagers. She let them poke her and pull her and ask her what sort of girdle she wore. She let them rub the material of her garments between their fingers and murmur, "Good goods." She beamed upon them and thanked them graciously for it.

"THAT Harrington," said the big blond sales clerk, "is a wow. The merchandise sells right off her back. Right off her back it sells, like cakes off of a griddle. And is she wonderful to customers? Boy! She does everything but kiss them."

"That Harrington," said Mr. MacIntyre, as he watched her trail across the floor in his latest import, "is the best investment this department has ever made."

He told her so, late one afternoon in the dusk at closing time. The crystal chandeliers had been turned out, and the racks of coats, draped for the night in their striped canvas covers, looked like little tents in a big dim carnival. Jean had kicked off her slippers and flopped into a sofa to wiggle her tired toes.

"We love you, Jean," he said, thumping her on the shoulder, "we love you very much. Business has been picking up since the hour we hired you. And if business hadn't picked up just about then, I'd be out in Bryant Park by this time, digging dandelion greens."

Jean basked in the luxury of his grin. "And if you hadn't hired me, Mac, I would have had to marry a butter-and-egg man with purple veins in his neck."

"Were you as flat as that?"

Jean nodded. "All I had in the world was ninety-seven cents and a weeping mother and my knight-errant of the purple veins."

Mac's grip tightened on her shoulder. "We've been good for what ailed each other, haven't we, Jean?" He shook her gently. "Do you know what I'd like us to do? I'd like us to look each other over: I'd like us to have dinner together tomorrow, as a starter."

Jean hoped he couldn't feel her heart thump, up as far as her shoulder. "I'd love it."

So she spent the evening pressing the one really sublime dress that remained from her days of splendor. Each stroke of the iron seemed to be smoothing the ugly creases out of her life as well as out of the soft satin, and bringing her closer to something so delightful that it made her knees weak to think about it. She would even have dashed off a snatch of song if her voice had been steady enough for clear, bell-like notes.

And the next day, at the store, she could hardly be blamed for picking out the most sublime creations to appear in. All his favorites she picked out—especially the long white velvet with the tight sleeves and the great snow-white fox collar in which she looked like a Russian princess at the opening of the Winter Palace. In this she strolled under the crystal chandeliers and let them glitter.

It was four o'clock. One more hour and the store would close. Then two more hours—and her life would begin.

Another customer entered the department. A very beautiful young woman. Spanish, she looked. And very confident and distinguished. She walked swiftly, with the light skimming step of a born dancer.

"It's Lolita!" Everyone recognized her. She was just like her pictures—just like the huge advertisements that were spread over all the newspapers.

"Whair ees Meester MacIntyre?" she asked, all perfume and gold bangles.

THEN her quick eye spied Mac over by the Mme. de Récamier sofa. "Ah, darling," she cried. Like a homing bird she flew to him, and kissed him as though the desire of her life were being fulfilled. "How's my precious boy?"

Jean closed her eyes and the world turned red. Really. Anything on earth she could bear, but not "How's my precious boy." And not Lolita—not a commonplace melodrama around an inevitable Argentine dancer whose reputation was so aromatic that certain ports in the world were closed to her—whose picture, being dragged back to her ship by a battalion of policemen, had occupied the front page of every paper in the country.

But then, the best of men may be pursued by the worst women, Jean quickly assured herself. And she opened her eyes, eager to see Mac
(Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by
Harry L.
Timmins



A few of the happy questions drifted to Jean's ears. "When can I see you, Lita, alone? Later tonight, perhaps?"



"I fix her for five grand—and she's in Paris now"

Old Friends Meet at Dinner

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by
Marshall
Frantz

FUNNY I should sit next to you, Mrs. White. . . . Oh, don't stall, you know what I mean well enough . . . and you know who I am, just as well as I know who you are. . . .

Funny either one of us should be here, for that matter—with all these swells! Makes me sort of feel like I was acting in a play, only the play was real, too, Mamie!

Yes, I said *Mamie!* Look, kid, I'm not going to queer your game. Good hunting to you! "Live and let live" is my motto. I thought you were Mamie Riley when you first came in; and I'm sure of it now that I'm sitting here next you—that little mole just under the lobe of your left ear, and that little scar hid up there in your hair.

Listen, Mamie . . . talk to me; it'll look better. Get hold of yourself, kid. I'm not going to squeal. Not for my own sake. Nor for yours, neither. I always liked you, in the old days. I always knew you'd get somewheres. You had more on the ball than any other moll that played along with the mob. Drink some of that bubble water in front of you . . . a good guzzle. That's better . . . you look better already. Now laugh at what I'm saying . . . and it really is a joke, too, that we're here—us!

I lost track of you after you went into the chorus. And then out of the chorus you bobbed . . . as the legal wife of a Million-dollar Kid! That's him down near the foot of the table, ain't it? Good-looking bird, Mamie, and got class to him, if I ever seen class. It takes a clever skirt to push that stuff across—but you always was clever, Mamie!

What would the old mob think to see us scoffing here, side by side, with this outfit? The last time I sat at the same table with you was down at T-Bone Billy's place. Remember? It was the night little Giuseppe slashed his girl three times across the face, for cheating on him.

THAT was the week before Jerry troaked Big Dutch Hagen— Sorry, Mamie—I forgot that was about you, or I wouldn't have mentioned it. Guzzle some more of that wealthy water—and don't get scared of me! I'm for you, kid! I ain't any spoil-sport. And I owe you something, Mamie. The time Jerry and me was lagged for peddlin' dope, it was you rustled up the money for the mouthpiece that squared us. Think I'd forget a thing like that? Not me! I stick to my friends. Jerry set in the chair, didn't he? Always was quick-tempered.

Laugh again, Mamie—like I'd made a good joke. And I *have* got a good joke to hand you, too! Who do you suppose give me the invite to this party? The old cluck down there with the pretty little white mustache and goatee—Bromley-Carter. Yeah, I know he's Mrs. Bromley-Carter's husband; the dame with all the ice on her.

Listen, Mamie, this will hand you another giggle. The old cluck gets mixed up with a frail in a night club, one of the hostesses, and he can't get rid of her. She's trying to sting him for a hundred grand, or she'll pull a scandal that will turn that little beard of his pink and green. I fix her for five grand—of course, I had to bring a little pressure to bear, too—and she's in Paris now.

"What can I do for you, Eddie?" he says, the day I put her on the ship. He meant besides my commission, in the way of friendliness. "Listen, Judge," I says; "I always had an ambition to sit on the inside, socially, just once, and look out. I know how to wear clothes, and I got a line of talk that would fool any of your friends, when I want to use it."

"You're quaint, Eddie," he says, with a laugh. "It's just a weakness of mine, Judge," I tells him. And I also reminds him that it's just as easy to get Irene back from Paris as it was to send her there. So his wife thinks I'm one of his political friends—which I am, in a way. Can you tie that?

Yeah, you got nothin' to fear from me, Mamie. I've gone straight; turned respectable, just like you. Two years ago I thinks it out, and goes into headquarters, and tells 'em they got nothing on me now, and I'm going straight, and don't want to have any old stuff pulled on me. I want to be left alone and, if I ain't, there's certain parties I got something on myself. They seen reason, and now I'm in a legitimate, protected business.

THE Big Shot in this town needed a man he could trust, to make collections from a lot of places of his and square certain bulls. The cops has got nothin' on me now, Mamie; in fact, I'm workin' right with the cops now. Got tired of the old rough stuff, and worryin' about the dicks all the time. The game's changed since we was together; the racket now'days is to play along with 'em. I've cut loose from the old mob entirely.

They're pretty well scattered, anyhow. Izzy went up the river on a long stretch, one of them fourth-offense things. Spike got his all right—maybe you read about it? And Benny set in the hot chair just a year after Jerry did. Oh, excuse me, Mamie—I didn't mean to mention Jerry again. Drink another glass of giggle water—that's right. You got to keep your front, Mamie. What the heck? They got nothin' on you in connection with that, anyhow. That's all old stuff. Play your game, kid, and don't weaken.

NOW then, laugh again—that Million-dollar Kid husband you grabbed off when you was in the chorus is lookin' at us. That's better—you always could get away with it, Mamie; a clever moll, and no mistake. Don't be scared I'm going to spill the beans—I'm for you, Mamie. And say, kid, I got an idea. Of course you got your own bank account, ain't you, kid? A wise moll like you would put that across on your honey-boy husband the first thing. I got an idea I could invest about ten grand for you to your advantage—a little deal that's comin' off soon. I'll cut you in on it, Mamie. I'll call you up and tell you where to send your check; we'll see to it your husband never gets wise to this little deal, huh? Nor nothin' else us two ever was partners in, huh?

What the heck . . . Here, Waiter! Waiter! . . . I mean, *butler!* Get something for Mrs. White . . . the lady's fainted. Yes, Judge, yessir, funny thing . . . but she complained of havin' one of those dizzy headaches when she sat down.

The Doubts of Owen D. Young

—who says and does everything a

Sitting back on his shoulder blades, with the rest of his lean and lanky form sprawled halfway across the small law office—that was his favorite working position. Slow moving, slow but sure thinking, he could take his own time about arriving at conclusions. Thus began the meteoric career of—not Lincoln, but—Owen D. Young

MEASURED by the same yardstick we apply to our professional eagle-pluckers in the city of Washington, Mr. Owen D. Young would easily stand forth as our most unpopular citizen. He is in favor of nearly everything that they howl, yip, yodel and yap against.

They scream for isolation. Mr. Young advocates an open economic internationalism.

They would lynch all world bankers. Mr. Young believes in the world bankers.

"They have a real purpose in life," he says. "Make them behave and let them fulfill it."

They claim that Big Business is cold, cruel, destructive and dishonest. Mr. Young says it isn't necessarily so. He likes Big Business and the bigger the better.

They denounce the Power Trust as a huge racket. Its operation, if it exists, provides Mr. Young with his best customers.

They don't know what to do about the World Court; it's too hot a proposition for the politicians to handle. "Join it," bluntly remarks Mr. Young. "Do it now."

They squirm at the mere thought of forgiving anybody one penny of a debt. With one stroke of his pen Mr. Young relieved Germany of seventy per cent of its original burden of reparations.

Undoubtedly this is a unique and dramatic situation. Through open opposition to our major popular doctrines, as well as by open alliance with some of our greatest public enemies, Mr. Young has built up what would be for anyone else a most magnificent defense against any such thing as nation-wide popularity, and yet today he is almost overwhelmed with it. Now why is this?

Obviously, to say that Owen D. Young is popular because he is not a politician is no answer. It is not affirmative; it ascribes no quality to the man; it defines no characteristic. What we want are facts. Very well. The first fact, then, about Mr. Young is that at the awkward age of sixteen we find him pinch-hitting for the absent parson in the little Universalist church in his home town of Van Hornesville, New York. Of course, the boy was not an ordained minister and probably was not even a good preacher, but at any rate there was something so unusual about his pulpit performance that President Hervey of St. Lawrence University, who had dropped in to attend worship, stayed on after the service so that he might have a talk with the long and narrow young man.

That talk settled Owen D. Young's future. For the first time he heard

that it was possible to work his way through college. That impressed him. He went home; announced that he was going to become a lawyer; had an argument about it; won, and four years later—a thousand-dollar mortgage having been slapped on the family acres in the meantime to help the lad out—Owen D. Young emerged from college with an academic degree and a campus hair cut.

That was all he did have. He was broke. His law course still lay ahead of him and the next fall the young man who in the not very distant future would be settling for the world its greatest financial problem presented his own meager one to the authorities of Harvard University with the humble request that he be allowed to work his way through that austere institution. He was so coldly received that he turned on his heel, stalked out of the dean's office and went elsewhere to complete his education.

Today Harvard probably regrets that rejection but Owen D. Young doesn't. Had he been accepted as a student under the historic elms his career would probably have been very uninteresting. As it was, he got along nicely. He entered the law school at Boston University, tutored backward students to pay his own way, completed the three-year course in two years, and on the night of his graduation, in the spring of 1896, he much resembled Ajax defying the lightning as he stepped to the front of the platform, shook his fist in the face of the world and in thundering tones hurled forth his battle cry: "I hate the word 'compromise'!"

This is interesting. When Youth spoke Owen D. Young was an avowed fighter; today he is famous at the world's council table as its greatest negotiator. What wrought the change?

Rising With Public Utilities

Undoubtedly the sedate atmosphere of the law office of Charles H. Tyler, where he went to work as a clerk and where his sole source of excitement was real estate trusts, coupled with the air of the classroom of Boston University, where he lectured for seven years after his graduation, had much to do with robbing him of his early belligerence.

His matrimonial obligations also helped. In 1898 Miss Josephine Edmonds became Mrs. Owen D. Young and thereafter, for nine years, undisturbed by any invitations from the socially elect of Beacon Hill, her lean and lanky husband led the kind of life that suited him exactly. He didn't have enough to do to have to hurry about doing it. Sitting back on his shoulder blades, with the rest of him sprawled halfway across the room and a pipe in his mouth, he could take his own time about arriving at his conclusions.

He did so. When he finally got there he was on safe ground, and as Boston at that time was looking for security rather than speed, he gradually turned himself into exactly the kind of lawyer that some of the big fellows needed. Those were the days when public utility corporations were being born. Boston was the cradle of many of them and, as Mr. Tyler's safe was filled with trust deeds controlling vast water-power rights in New England, his office and his clerk, who knew all about what was in those deeds, came slowly into demand.

It took Owen D. Young eleven years to get his name printed on the door of a law office, but from the day that that happened he moved forward rapidly. He didn't like to, though. He had never liked to hurry and now, with the responsibilities of a law-firm partnership thrust upon him, it was almost disheartening to him to find himself burdened with the urgent woes of such weighty clients as the New England Trust Company, the Adirondack Electric Power Company and Stone & Webster. He grumbled some but he bore up bravely, and for the next five years, during which he was a member of the firm, the things that happened to Owen D. Young were the logical outcome of what had not happened to him during the previous eleven when he was a clerk.

During the former period, simply because he enjoyed study and not because he consciously visualized himself as a coming legal colossus, he had absorbed or acquired a vast amount of specialized knowledge of the exact character that the public utilities companies now needed. Was this luck or genius? Primarily it was probably luck, but in 1912 when Mr. Young in behalf of one of his clients gave the General Electric Company a fine legal trimming the officers of that huge organization looked upon the result as the product of pure genius.

Luck, however, was still on the road; riding gruesomely. Shortly after Owen D. Young's triumph over him, Mr. Hinsdill Parsons, chief counsel for the General Electric Company, was killed in an automobile accident and following that, within a few weeks, Mr. Young received a telephone call asking him to come to New York for a conference with Charles Coffin, founder and perpetual czar of the great corporation. That Mr. Young approached that meeting with a slightly vacant feeling in the pit of his stomach he does not deny. What he had expected was a scolding; what he got was the offer of Mr. Parsons' position with the title and the salary of a vice president annexed to it.

Thus at the age of thirty-nine Owen D. Young took on his second job. It was a big one; it frightened him, and yet from the very first there was one thing about it that fascinated him. The General Electric Company, even in those pre-war days, was an immense concern whose business it was to manufacture steam turbines, equip huge power plants and electrically railroads. But it was not human. Mr. Young wanted to humanize it and did so.

Going in for Big Business

More than any other individual this lawyer, who suddenly turned himself into a business man, is responsible for the fact that no matter where we go we can't get away from electrical gadgets. It was his idea to put curling irons, flat-irons and refrigerators into every American home and then, just to make his invasion of our privacy one hundred per cent perfect, he organized the Radio Corporation of America and, as a concurrent necessity, invented the National Broadcasting Company.

Sandwiched in between these two achievements and a good many others came the World War, which, in so far as Owen D. Young and General Electric were concerned, had one outstanding effect. It expanded them both tremen-

dously. With its production capacity increased far beyond any possible domestic consumption, the company set out to collar the world trade. It made the effort on a big scale. By 1922, in which year Mr. Young became Chairman of the Board, General Electric's foreign investment, most of it in Europe, was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$150,000,000.

This was real money. Somebody had to look after it. To do that somebody had to study international finance, investigate world trade, measure tariff walls, digest production tables, even, in the broad sense, learn something about politics. This became Mr. Young's job and he enjoyed it. Except that he couldn't sprawl as freely as when he was a clerk, and that he had to do his thinking in gilded halls in European capitals in place of in a dingy Boston law office, he was in much the same happy situation as when he was absorbing information regarding real estate trusts.

Politics Calls for Help

He absorbed it in the same thorough manner too. He loaded his pipe, complaining because he couldn't buy his favorite brand of cut plug in London—it being too cheap to suit the taste of the fancy English smokers—weighed his equities carefully and approached his conclusions slowly. His major one was that the politicians were wrecking Europe and that the economists would have to salvage it. He was right, because, as he expressed it: "Politics finally called to Economics and said: 'If I give you a chance will you try to save the show?'"

That was the call which created the Dawes Commission, and what could have been more logical than that Mr. Young, who represented enormous American interests in Europe, and knew as much about the economic conditions in both continents as any man on either one of them, should have become a member of it? He was in fact the member of the Dawes Commission. Others may have provided the pretty phrases that made up the first and last paragraphs of the final Dawes report, but the tough meat in the middle of it is generally said to have been furnished by Owen D. Young. Mr. Young denies this. General Dawes says it's true.

Briefly what the Dawes Plan, dictated by economics and not politics, did was to place Germany in the hands of a temporary receiver; give it time in which to determine its ability to pay; create a central bank for it, and provide it with a new currency and an adequate gold supply. "And," said Mr. Young, "to give you an idea of what the previous inflationary intoxication had amounted to, let me say that one mark of the new currency was exchangeable for one billion marks of the old: not our billion but the German billion, which is to say a million million old marks for one new one."

"And so," Mr. Young went on in commenting on the operation of the Dawes Plan, "on September 1, 1924, Economics took the stage in Germany. A few days later the French armies began to move out of the Ruhr; the Germans began to work their mines and factories, and the world had learned its first great lesson—that Economics does not function under political threats or military coercion."

so-called practical politician would avoid saying or doing, are revealed in this timely interview

By O.P. White



"During the next five years Germany paid her creditors the full amount set: a sum equivalent to \$1,917,000,000. Nevertheless the Dawes Plan was a receivership, not a permanent organization, and so at Geneva, in October, 1928, Economics was again called by Politics, in the form of an Experts Committee, to make proposals for a complete and final settlement of the reparations problem. That committee met on February 11, 1929, in Paris, and on June 7th signed and transmitted its final report. That report is popularly known as the Young Plan."

Now note this. Note that in all of Mr. Young's remarks, both in those already quoted and in those that will be, he never speaks in loving terms of Politics. He doesn't seem to like Politics. He saw the fair dame with her mask off in Paris between February and June, 1929, and with that thought in your mind just imagine that you are now looking in on that meeting of the Experts Committee.

Mr. Young is the chairman and as the representatives of the various countries make their pompous remarks and lay their respective politically fostered claims against Germany before him he begins to sense a very difficult situation. When the session has adjourned for the day he knows it is difficult. Politics is endeavoring to dictate terms that it will be impossible for Economics to comply with. Regardless of the possibilities of the situation, and each one with his armament on his hip, so to speak, the politicians of each country are trying to get the best of the politicians of every other country.

Without Benefit of Harvard

A fine opportunity this is for another war, and how is the man who couldn't get into Harvard because that venerable institution—which specializes in producing diplomats—was afraid he wouldn't be a credit to it, going to get away with the situation? Not having studied European politicians for two years for his health, or for theirs either, he knows exactly what he is going to do about it, but nobody else does. At the next meeting he changes the subject. He doesn't even mention claims. Instead he brings up the matter of creating the machinery for collecting them; for handling the vast sums that will have to be transferred; for converting exchanges, and, in general for the doing of a tremendous, a really necessary job. It is a plan for the organization of a Bank for International Settlements that he is presenting, and as he goes into it he gets everybody so interested in the suggestion that the belligerents all forget, for the time being, to fight about the amounts they have come to claim.

Mr. Young keeps them in that frame of mind for weeks, gets them so worked up over this bank proposition that, so it seems to the observer, each one finally concludes that he is fighting for his own scheme; for something that he himself is the daddy of, and that settles it. Having now provided each politician with a share in a noble victory that he can go back and tell his back-slapping admirers about, Mr. Young is in a position to slap his economic slide-rule down on their claims. He does so: seventy per cent is deducted from the amount the feverish Versailles politicians had originally assessed against Germany,

(Continued on page 42)

The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

DIRECTED by the world's most dangerous criminal, the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu, Si-Fan, a mighty secret organization, is planning a world revolution. Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, is in possession of certain "sacred" relics which the plotters wish to obtain. He resolves to hold the relics, cost what it may—and amazing events follow.

With Sir Lionel are Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a famous detective; Dr. Petrie, an old friend; Shan Greville, who tells the story; and Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece, to whom Greville is engaged. . . . In Cairo, Greville, trapped and put under the influence of a strange drug which leaves him entirely in the power of Fu Manchu, hands Rima over to the doctor, who promptly promises to exchange her, unharmed, for the relics. The exchange is effected in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid.

A steamer—the Indramatra—is sailing for Southampton. Sir Lionel, Greville and Rima take passage, go aboard. Nayland Smith, much excited, arrives. Following a heated altercation with one of the passengers—John Kennington, M. P.—he rushes to Sir Lionel. He has just learned, to his consternation, that the relics turned over to Fu Manchu are spurious—cleverly made imitations of the real thing. So—"Fu Manchu knows you've tricked him, Barton!" he exclaims. "He will hesitate at nothing to retaliate. You—and those with you—are in deadly peril!"

Sir Lionel, a stubborn man of superb courage, is undaunted. He points to a large wooden chest. "The relics are there," he announces. "We're safe—we sail in a few minutes."

Nayland Smith stares at him, appalled. "If I were in your shoes, Barton," he whispers, "I wouldn't take any chances—not with Fu Manchu. I'd send that chest ashore!"

X

BOLT the door, Greville," said Sir Lionel.

I did as he directed. His stateroom presented an appearance of untidiness which, even for the chief, touched the phenomenal. He had unpacked the wooden crate, and the floor was littered with straw and paper.

It proved to contain three packages tied up in canvas; one, long and narrow, which unwrapped the sword of the Prophet; another, the heaviest, rectangular and perhaps eight inches thick; and a smaller one, which was obviously some kind of box.

"Get busy with the big package," he directed energetically. "Untie the string, but don't cut it. We shall want to use it again."

"Very good," I said resignedly, and set to work.

The Indramatra had just pulled out from her berth, Nayland Smith and the company's agent being the last two visitors to go down the ladder. Rima was in her cabin, busily unfolding frocks which had been folded for weeks and about the condition of which she was in complete despair.

What Sir Lionel's object could be in unpacking these treasures, now that at last we had escaped with them, was a problem which defeated me. But mad though he was, there was generally some method in his madness.

"Gad! what a beauty!" he cried.

He had unwrapped the scimitar and was gazing upon it with the eyes of a lover. Indeed, I knew, had known for many years, that the chief's heart was wholly in the past. He worshiped these relics of strange men and wild times, and his collections, of which he had one in each of his several houses, would have broken the heart of any museum curator. Priceless pieces were as likely to be found upon the floor, or on the seat of a chair where a careless visitor might sit upon them, as anywhere else. But the fact remained that his enthusiasm was genuine.

"You're a hell of a long time with the plates," he growled.

"These knots want a bit of coping with."

"Give it to me, and unpack the mask."

I complied only too willingly.

"Can you see anything lying about, Greville, remotely resembling the Sword of God?—any fitting we could tear down?"

I began to laugh. The purpose of the chief's toil had become evident. He was at his favorite trick again.

"Really," I said, looking up from the floor where I was kneeling, untying the box containing the mask, "I don't know what you have in mind, but, short of seizing the ship, I can't see how anybody is going to gain access to the purser's safe."

"CAN'T you?" he growled. "Did you see how anybody was going to gain access to that room in Ispahân? I know more about the methods employed by Fu Manchu than you do, Greville. And as I told Smith just now, I think nothing of safes at any time. We shouldn't have the stuff now if I had thought as you do."

"True enough," I admitted, and took out a delicate and exquisite mask from the box which had held it.

"Gad!" exclaimed Sir Lionel in a low voice. "What a beauty! Unique, Greville, absolutely unique! This one item would make the reputation of any collector."

He paused in his task, stood up, and stared about him. Then from a battered leather hatbox he took an old sun helmet, emptied a cigar box onto the bed (it contained quite a dozen cigars) and put the gold mask in their place. Tying the box with a piece of string, he dropped it into the helmet, returning the latter to its leather case. He threw the case on the settee.

"A very clever American," he remarked—"one Edgar Allan Poe, laid it down that the best place to hide a thing was where everyone could see it. Ha! here's what you want, Greville."

An umbrella belonging to Rima had somehow strayed into his cabin, left there in error by a steward, no doubt, when the baggage had come aboard. She had bought it in Cairo. It was short, with a fancifully carved handle of glass, representing the Sphinx.

"Wrap it up," he said; "that's splendid."

He laughed, in his loud, boisterous fashion. And something of his crazy humor began to infect me also. His

treatment of a menace which had overhung us darkly for so long, which already had cost several lives and had stirred up the beginnings of a promising Arab rising, was stimulating, to say the least.

I wrapped up the umbrella in the canvas packing, tying it with care; and Sir Lionel, having unfastened the gold plates, examined them lingeringly. I knew he would have liked to devote hours to that examination, but the time was not now.

"Where's your overcoat?" he asked.

I pointed to an open door communicating with his bedroom; my old overcoat hung upon a hook there.

He nodded, wrapped the sheets of thin gold in pieces of newspaper, and slipped them into the big pocket of the coat, which contained them quite easily.

"Let me see!" he cried.

I exhibited the parcel I had just completed.

"Not bad," he commented. "I think it will pass. Now, to seal it."

Crossing to the little writing table, and kicking all sorts of litter out of his way as he went, he opened a box containing odds and ends of stationery, and presently found a piece of sealing wax.

Lighting many matches and dropping a quantity of wax upon the carpet, he sealed several of the knots, pressing his signet ring upon each of them. Then, holding up the finished product, he laughed like a schoolboy.

"NUMBER one ready!" he cried. "Ah! you have done another. What did you put in the box?"

"Nothing," I replied; "the weight of the mask is negligible."

He nodded, and proceeded to seal this also.

"Hand me that thin atlas over there," he directed.

From a pile of books thrown carelessly on the floor, I picked up the volume to which he referred. It was roughly of about the same size and shape as the fifteen gold plates laid together. It was also very heavy.

"Good enough!" he said, weighing it in his hand. "Hello! Who's this? Don't open, Greville."

Someone was rapping on the cabin door.

"Who's there?" roared Sir Lionel.

"Steward, sir. Miss Barton has asked me to inquire if an umbrella which is missing has been brought in here."

"No," roared the chief, "it hasn't. Never seen it."

"Do you mind if I take a look around, sir?"



The swimmer, towing his singular burden, grasped one of the

"I mind very much. I'm busy. Go away!"

He stood upon the settee, drew the curtain aside and peered through a porthole.

"We're clear of shore, Greville," he reported. "By heaven! I've tricked him this time!"

A few minutes later, we completed the third parcel to his satisfaction, and:

"Cut along to your cabin," he directed; "you haven't far to go. Carry your overcoat over your arm; you can hold the sword underneath it."

"Very good. Where shall I put them?"

"Put the sword under your bed for the time being, and hang the overcoat in the bathroom, or anywhere. I'll come along presently and decide definitely. But first we must see the purser."

Unbolting the door, we sallied forth. I went along to my cabin and then rejoined Sir Lionel. Stewards were still coming and going, carrying stray items of baggage, the ship being in that state of unrest which prevails on leaving port.

"I don't trust these Javanese," the chief whispered. "Every one of them might belong to Dr. Fu Manchu."

I felt rather disposed to agree with him. But Nayland Smith had been insistent upon our leaving by the first available ship, and, failing the Indramatra, we should have had to wait for three days.

Passengers were standing about at the foot of the stairs in the neighborhood of the purser's room, examining notices and making aimless inquiries of almost every European member of the crew who passed. Carrying our

strange burdens, we came to the purser's door.

"I simply refuse to occupy a cabin," an excited voice was shouting within, "in which the running water resembles beer. It's scandalous, sir, scandalous!"

"Our friend Kennington," said the chief, unceremoniously jerking the curtain aside and walking in. "Good evening, purser. Sorry to trouble you, but I have some valuables which I wish to leave in your care."

"Very good, Sir Lionel," said the harassed officer, turning in his chair and looking up at us. "One of them looks a bit bulky for the safe. Perhaps we can manage."

MR. KENNINGTON, blown up to his full dimensions, was standing at the farther end of the room, glaring. On further examination, he was a singular-looking object. His rotundity seemed positively artificial, so suddenly did it develop, and his dark eyes, behind horn-rimmed spectacles, did not seem to belong to his red and choleric face. He had carrot hair, close-cut, and an absurd little mustache.

"I will not be side-tracked in this manner, sir," he cried, as the purser, standing up, turned and unlocked the big safe. "I have already been given accommodation other than that which I reserved, and now..."

"And now," said the chief, looking him up and down in his most truculent and intolerant manner, "you have been given tap water which resembles beer."

"I have, sir. And I will not tolerate it for one moment—not for one moment!"

"Neither should I," said the chief, "if I were a teetotaler. Are you a teetotaler?"

"I am, sir."

"And a member of the Labor party, I take it?"

"Certainly."

"Funny thing, Greville," said Sir Lionel, looking at me, "how these enemies of capital always insist upon the best accommodations. But—"

"By a little readjustment," said the purser, "I can manage your three sealed packages, Sir Lionel."

He reclined and locked the safe.

"And now you will want a receipt for them."

He sat down at his table again.

"I have registered my protest, sir," said Mr. Kennington sternly; "my second protest since I came on board this ship. Since you don't seem to propose to attach any importance to it, I shall make a point of placing the matter before the captain."

He bowed with absurd dignity, and went out.

"You know, gentlemen," said Voor-den, taking a printed form from a case on his table, "one passenger like that puts years on a ship's purser. According to his passport, Mr. Kennington does not travel much, which perhaps accounts for it. Ah, well!"—he sighed wearily, filling in the form. "I suppose it's this sort of thing that the company pays me for. There you are, sir."

Sir Lionel thanked him, folded up the receipt and placed it in his pocket case. As we went out and were crossing towards the stairs, I heard Mr. Kennington talking to the chief steward.

"I insist upon a table to myself, steward."

"I will do my best, sir."

"It would be pleasant for everybody concerned," said the chief in a loud voice, "if some travelers would insist upon a ship to themselves, and stay on board for the rest of their lives."

Whereupon he began to laugh thunderously.

I stood at the after end of the promenade deck, my arm very tightly about Rima. Together we watched the lights of Egypt fading in the distance. It was good to be together again after that brief but dreadful hiatus in Cairo, but yet, although neither of us spoke, I knew that we shared a common regret. It was true we had known sorrow in Egypt, but we had known great happiness there, and the happiness outweighed the sorrow.

It was growing late and we had the starboard side of the deck to ourselves; a few passengers lingered in the saloon, but nearly everybody was in bed. It would have been good to have had Nayland Smith with us, but he and Dr. Petrie hoped to be in London in time for the spectacular wedding which Sir Lionel had planned for us.

Personally, I looked forward to that function with the utmost

horror. But I was not at all sure that Rima didn't secretly enjoy the prospect. Rima had been a very popular debutante two years before; and I knew that the chief would enjoy himself to the top of his bent in circulating paragraphs among gossip writers, and in employing his genius for showmanship to make our wedding a successful public entertainment.

IN FACT, having few friends of my own in London, and knowing that Rima had many, I felt that those days on the Mediterranean which lay ahead would be the last for a long time during which I should have her to myself.

No words were necessary between us. I just held her very closely, and she nestled against me in perfect contentment, while together we watched the lights of Port Said growing more and more dim upon the horizon.

Only nine passengers had joined the Indramatra there, including our own party of three. They had been checked up by Nayland Smith, and not one of them came within the shadow of suspicion. Other than these six first-class passengers and ourselves, no one had come aboard in Egypt, nor had the crew been reinforced. I remembered Sir Denis' parting words:

"Unless—which isn't impossible, since we're dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu—an agent of his has been smuggled aboard disguised as cargo, it would appear, Greville, that for once in his life the doctor has missed fire."

It was cold comfort, since I had reason to know that the doctor rarely missed fire. And I hugged Rima so closely that she demanded a kiss and received many...

When at last, and very reluctantly, I turned in that night, common sense told me that Sir Lionel had pulled off his daring trick, and risked Rima's life in the process. But, once in Europe, I believed that we had little to fear on this score, since the religio-political utility of the relics by then would have become nil. Only by their immediate recovery could Dr. Fu Manchu hope to reestablish the claims of the new Prophet, already challenged by reason of their absence. A week would make all the difference.

BUT, in destroying this daring scheme of the greatest and also the most evil man I had ever known, what had we done?

His mentality was incalculable. I believed him too great to waste an hour of his time in so futile a purpose as vengeance. But in this I knew that I might be mistaken. He was a Chinaman, and I knew little of Chinese mentality. He was unscrupulous, valuing human life no more highly than the blades of grass one treads upon. But in this he conformed to his own peculiar code.

No desire for personal aggrandizement inspired him, Nayland Smith had assured me. He aimed to lift China from the mire into which China had fallen. He was, according to his peculiar lights, a great patriot. And also, I knew, according to those same peculiar lights he was scrupulously honorable.

True, the terms he had extorted upon the strength of the abduction of Rima had been blackmail at its vilest, but blackmail of a kind acceptable to his own code. We had agreed to these terms, and had set our names to that agreement. Such implicit trust had he placed in our English honor that he had met us alone—the gesture of a great man, if a great villain.

And in all good faith on the part of Nayland Smith and myself, we had tricked him! Would he have tricked us

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Illustrated by
John Richard Flanagan

floats. I saw that a ladder had been thrown down to him

WOMAN, and especially the college woman," recently said a learned professor who should have taken time out to learn at least one thing more, "has invaded all the spheres she can. There is nothing new left for her to do."

But Georgia Backus didn't think so. She considered, instead, that all the accepted avenues for women workers were pretty well crowded with working women—excepting one, radio. She had heard many programs and liked few. So she sat down at her rented typewriter, in her rented room, and wrote a script.

The script got her a job. For the Columbia Broadcasting Company asked her to call. A tall, slim, very young-looking girl, who also happens to be very young, walked in. She was asked to read her script for an audition. Being an actress "at liberty," that was an easy assignment, readily grabbed.

"We'll put you in the continuity department," said the auditor.

Not quite complimentary to her skill as an actress and author. But neither is Miss Backus. For, now that she's established as a regular writer for radio, somebody had the bright idea to look up and etherize that job-winning script. It passed before the Backus desk in the routine office way.

"This is pretty bad," said Miss Backus.

When informed the piece was her own creation, she strengthened the verdict. "This is punk," she said, thus revealing frank self-criticism which is the most valuable asset any young woman can have when tackling a job.

The air waves—this was about four years ago—were dominated not only by male voices, but by male writers and directors. To work her way in, not to say on, a woman had to have something to offer besides an attractive presence. Program sponsors swirled about looking for sure-fire feminine appeal. They were also a trifle uncertain about the sure-fire quality of whatever appeal was being put into their programs by the men who made them.

Hence, when young ladies like Georgia Backus appeared, studios were receptive. They gave them a chance. But not for long unless they made good. It's the record of the small army of young women that has invaded the studios during the past two or three years that they made good. Not only as artists, but as executives and directors; as originators of those ideas that are as rare as radium in radio and, for that matter, in all other forms of popular entertainment. Female artists are as plentiful and as much publicized as the mikemen. And back of the mike, female brains are on no less a parity with male—if they can produce.

Miss Backus, for instance, learned quickly, once she pried an entry into



Ladies of the Air Waves

By
John B.
Kennedy



Top row: Claudine MacDonald; Sallie Belle Cox; Georgia Backus. Center: (left) Rosaline Green; (right) Madge Tucker. Bottom: Mrs. Julian Heath; Minnie Blauman; Virginia Gardiner

When your loud-speaker emits a really new idea, it's an odds-on bet that some active feminine mind was back of it. Barred by tradition from the microphone, the ladies have dug themselves firmly into the background. Here's the story of enterprising women who help to make the nights (and days) less hideous

The Too Successful Kiss

Georgia Backus had been an actress supporting such well-known stars as Florence Reed in *The Shanghai Gesture*, Helen Gahagan and Eva LeGallienne. She knew her stage, but she

found it to be quite different in technique from the more restricted medium, the vastly more expansive auditorium, of the mike. In a series of radio matrimonial romances she supervised—her first contribution to radio—there came up the matter of kissing. As everybody knows, the formula for any romantic story is a rift of some sort between the lovers, followed by a clinch and a kiss. When romance was first put on radio, it was the custom for the male lover passionately to kiss the back of his hand as close to the mike as possible. This sounded like various things—from the swallowing of an oyster to the protest of a sardine about to

be canned. Yet nobody could think of a better way to reproduce the sound of a kiss until Miss Backus made a simple suggestion.

"Why," she asked, "don't the principals get close to the mike and actually kiss each other?"

Strange to relate, this worked. Perhaps too well. Miss Backus discovered this in a not too pleasant way.

At the mike one night, directing a show in which a kiss was the concluding incident, she observed a lady peering grimly through the glass of the control-room. As is customary when the show ends and the act is off the air, the director hastened to the control-room to ask the engineers how everything went over. They said, as is their eloquent habit, "Okay," to which the grim lady nodded assent.

"Did the kiss work?" asked Miss Backus.

"Too well," said the grim lady.

"Too realistic, you mean?" asked Miss Backus.

"For me, yes," said the grim lady. "That man doing the kissing is my husband."

A New Idea

Miss Backus gathered microphone experience over many months before she finally struck the idea that carved her niche. With a friend she went to see Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*—the play wherein the characters say their speeches in pairs—one speech being what they actually utter, the other what they actually think. Miss Backus reflected. She hit upon a plan to transfer the idea to radio, using musical numbers of well-known themes to extend the remarks of speaking characters.

Nobody else has tried this. Really, it's a little sophisticated for the present standard of radio production. Georgia Backus wanted to sell it to a commercial sponsor; but commercial sponsors want no experiments in radio. They're after sure-fire.

Still this small contribution of novelty served to establish one young woman in the newest field of opportunity for women.

When Miss Madge Tucker, a golden-haired young woman who had tried her luck to some extent on the speaking stage,

became a radio fan, she likewise became a radio critic. Most women, and all men, do. She heard bedtime stories for children and became convinced that children didn't care much about hearing them. Children and adults, she argued, were interested in other children. A sound argument. Your average boy may care little about the color and carnage of a real war; but he's personally quite keenly interested in a fist fight up an alley between two bullies, and much more interested if the fight is between two of his own friends. Sweet little girls view these neighborhood affrays with no less glee. In brief, children

(Continued on page 44)

The Man who couldn't say Yes

*A story of the kind of temptation that only
the Henry Strohrs of this world must suffer
—and the kind of love that only an exalted
few deserve*

By Elmer Davis

IT IS written that he that is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many things. And then what? Nothing is said about his chances of making good on a bigger job. . . .

The rise of the Honorable Henry Strohl, appointed state finance commissioner at thirty-one, was an old-time success story—a gratifying proof that even in the age of ballyhoo a man can get somewhere by practicing the virtues he learned at his mother's knee. Plenty of people around Capital City remembered him as a boy delivering groceries for his father, on the shabby North Side; and then, after his father died and the store was taken over by the creditors, as a clerk in the Shawnee Avenue branch of the Interpolitan Trust Company.

A boy of eighteen who supports his mother has to play everything safe, but so does a bank clerk; Henry made good on the job, and by the time he was twenty-five he was acting assistant manager. But it looked as if he might have to wait a long time for further promotion; Mr. Matson, the branch manager, seemed good for twenty years more—till the morning when Henry knocked at his ground-glass door with a worried frown and said there was something queer about the entries in two or three accounts. Then, suddenly, Mr. Matson looked twenty years older. He promised to take up the matter presently; but before Henry had got back to his desk there was a loud bang in Mr. Matson's office, and a wisp of thin smoke curled up over the ground-glass partition.

HENRY was scared, and sickened—less at what he found in Mr. Matson's office than at what it implied. But in his first real crisis he responded to the instinctive conviction that above all things there must be no scandal in the Interpolitan. He told the rest of the staff to carry on, and went to the telephone. It was too late to call a doctor and he didn't call the police; he called the head office of the bank, downtown, and asked for the president, Mr. Carbury.

That great man had never visited Shawnee Avenue before; but fifteen minutes after Henry telephoned he descended at the door from a twelve-thou-



"I thought Henry said Ricarda, "on and I might drive over in the roadster," such a fine night. Get your hat, Henry"

sand-dollar car—tall, aristocratic, peremptory, radiating confidence and reassurance. Henry felt as if he were reporting to the Archangel Michael, and almost groaned with relief when Mr. Carbury took command. The bank's public relations counsel announced that Mr. Matson, whose accounts were in perfect order, had accidentally shot himself while cleaning one of the bank's revolvers. Mr. Carbury told a different story later to the chairman of the board.

"The usual thing," he said. "Bucket shops, and a woman. . . . I can't understand a man like Matson going wrong. Why, he'd have been eligible for a pension in seventeen years! Besides, he might have known he couldn't get away with it. . . . I

think we'd better promote Strohl, the assistant. He's young, and innocent; when he first smelled out the shortage it never occurred to him that Matson could have done it. But he handled the situation very nicely—saved us a lot of unpleasant publicity. He's got the eye of a hawk and the ambition of a mouse—just the sort of man you want as a branch manager."

SO HENRY moved his mother into a better apartment, and bought his first dress suit, and made a speech at the dinner of the North Side Chamber of Commerce. He was a figure of consequence in the neighborhood now, but what pleased him most was his personal contact with the president of the bank. The Interpolitan was riding the prosperity wave; it had a securities affiliate, and was financing most of the city's building boom. Such great matters were out of Henry's field, but he knew the North Side like a book and more than once Mr. Carbury called him downtown to discuss real estate conditions in the neighborhood. It gave Henry quite a thrill to be seen lunching at the Pontiac Club with Mr. Carbury, who lived in the most palatial mansion on that avenue of palatial mansions, Ridge Drive, and was one of the powers in state politics; but the reason it pleased him was no vulgar vanity—it was only the proof that he had earned the confidence of great men by practicing the virtues he had learned at his mother's knee.

Henry was getting on toward thirty now—shy and serious and silent, a man no woman was likely to look at twice. But if

she did look at him twice, she'd see something there.

The first woman who looked at him twice was Edna Faunce.

She was a clerk in the pass-book department; Henry was attracted to her from the very first day she came to work for him—but ever since he was eighteen he had realized that a man who had his mother to look after couldn't think about women. Still, before long he was taking Edna to the movies; and soon he learned that she had a suitor named Joe Cosby. Henry never realized how skilfully the Cosby menace was employed to stimulate his eagerness; he only knew, suddenly, that he was crazy about Edna—and when he learned that she was crazy about him too he felt as if he were alive for the first time in his life.

And then they began to discuss ways and means. Henry had figured that three people could live on his salary, but Edna seemed to doubt it; and she warned him that two women in the same apartment meant trouble.

"But I don't make enough to support Mother separately," he said.

"You don't now. But I've got it all figured out," Edna told him eagerly. "There's no future in the Shawnee Avenue branch. But you stand in with Carbury; get him to transfer you to one of the real estate companies. . . . Oh, I know they're supposed to be independent; but the bank controls them." Frowning, Henry shook his head.

"I wouldn't want to do that, Edna. I think the bank's real estate policy is—well, a little too optimistic."

"Oh, you think everything's too optimistic! You always play safe!"

"I've had to," he said grimly. "People on the North Side trust me—the people I've known all my life. If I went into a real estate company and got them into something I can't quite be-

lieve in—No, I just couldn't do that."

"Carbury believes in it. You don't think you know more than he does, I hope." She studied him, somber and intent. "Henry, I'd rather marry you than Joe Cosby; but I want to get somewhere. I could help a man who's going somewhere; with what you've got and what I've got, we might live on Ridge Drive some day. But if you won't take a chance—!"

THEY argued about it for a week—miserable, clinging to each other; but it had all been said that first evening. So presently Joe Cosby married her and took her west; and Henry felt pretty sick about it all. He hated to see another girl at Edna's desk, and the self-confidence he had acquired from Mr. Carbury's favor withered before the proof that he wasn't good enough for a woman who wanted to get somewhere. Somehow he lived through the fall and winter, but he wished he could get away from Shawnee Avenue. . . . And then, one spring afternoon, Mr. Carbury called him up and asked him to drop in at the Pontiac Club after office hours.

"I was wondering, Mr. Strohl, if you'd be interested in a better job."

"What sort of job?" asked Henry cautiously.

"The chief of the auditing bureau in the state finance department died this morning. Very responsible position; it pays four thousand a year. Our crowd in the party is about due for some recognition and I think I could persuade the governor to appoint you, if you'd like it."

"Why, of course I'd like it, sir. But why do you pick me?"

"Well—our state constitution centralizes responsibility too much. The old departments of finance and taxes and audit and banking are all bureaus now, under the finance commissioner. That's

a lot of power for one man. . . . Do you know Commissioner Fredericks?" Henry didn't. "He's a back-slapper," said Mr. Carbury. "A small-town back-slapper who knows no more about finance than I do about astronomy. This administration was swept in on the prosperity issue; anybody could have been elected, and darn' near anybody was. As a heavy taxpayer, I'd feel safer if a man I could trust was keeping his eye on affairs in the state house."

So Henry said he would take the job; and when he told his mother about it she cried a little, and said he deserved it for being a good boy. Mr. Carbury's explanation to his friend, the chairman of the board, was slightly different.

"I've killed two birds with one stone," he said. "If there's anything wrong in the state house, Strohl will find it. I don't think Fredericks has got brains enough to cash in on his opportunities; but if we can pin a little graft on some of his appointees the governor will have to let us pick the nominee for finance commissioner in next year's election. . . . And Strohl is in the way out on Shawnee Avenue. The North Side's due for a boom, but when our realty men try to get people up there interested, all they hear is, 'Well, what does Henry Strohl think about it?' And he's got no vision; he can't see that sometimes you've got to take chances."

Henry's mother died soon after he took office and he moved downtown, to a little hotel near the state house. He

was terribly lonesome; he tried to think about Edna, and was surprised to find how hard it was to put his mind on her, when a year ago he could hardly put his mind on anything else. Luckily, he could always put his mind on work. He took to going back to his office of evenings, checking up on details that would ordinarily never have come to his attention, just to kill time.

THE third evening he did that he found himself lingering over a bill—not a very large bill, duly audited and approved—for plumbing fixtures, from the Merkle Supply Company. That was a small North Side concern; Henry hadn't supposed they could handle even this much of a contract. And Leo Merkle was in politics—Maybe he'd better look into this. . . . He spent the next two weeks looking into it—working alone, at night, for he realized almost from the first that he didn't know whom he could trust. Several of his own clerks were evidently in this conspiracy of padded bills; as he went on, the trail took him higher and higher up, till it led him at last to that back-slapping friend of all the world, Finance Commissioner Fredericks.

Henry was sickened; the idea that a man like Fredericks would graft! But he had grafted; and what was Henry going to do about it? Tell the governor? He was Fredericks' friend and ally. The district attorney? But Mr.

(Continued on page 34)



"Jealous?" she said. "Of course I'm jealous. I'm not saying anything against the girl. She probably doesn't know she's been used as bait"

Illustrated by
John Gannam

On Your Mark!

By Grantland Rice

What does an Olympic athlete do during the four years between Olympic games? Prepare for the next ones, of course. And now that the latest training period is practically over, Mr. Rice presents the list of entrants "most likely to succeed"

THERE is grave doubt today that the world at large can present a statesman who is in the same class with Pericles—that it can show a poet who can sing with "deep-brow'd" Homer—that it has a sculptor who ranks with Phidias—or any set of philosophers who can march on to immortality with Socrates, Plato and Aristotle.

No one today seems to be starting another Golden Age. No one is writing another Iliad or another Odyssey. But when we compare runners and jumpers, discus and javelin throwers, the betting shows that the Olympic winners of ancient Greece would be left far behind the coming record-breakers at Los Angeles in July and August of 1932. That may make Homer, Pericles, Phidias, and other ancient heroes smile wanly in their Stygian retreats.

In the double war now getting under way in Southern California the greatest collection of athletes ever assembled at any set of games is preparing to break more world records than any Olympic meet has ever known. By "double war" I mean two sets of rivalries: the war between the East and the West to lead the qualifying lists at Palo Alto around mid-July on the United States side; and the war that will send some fifty rival nations of the world against the United States at Los Angeles in late July and early August.

It is difficult to say which rivalry will be keener. For the past ten years Western track and field teams have been coming east to mop up the landscape. The Easterners have won just once in a decade from the invading drive of Southern California, California and Stanford. Occasionally these three teams have stopped off at Chicago on the way home to clean up the Middle West. They have been undoubtedly the class of the nation in the track and field athletics of the college world.

But if you combine the East and the Mid-West against the West, there will be a different story at Palo Alto around the middle of July when the U. S. team will come to its final stage of selection. This is taking nothing away from the West, which will send into action such sprinters as Frank Wykoff of Southern California, Bullet Bob Kiesel of California, and Ben Eastman, who has run three quarter-mile races under 47 seconds and who in addition has broken the old record for the half-mile.

Ben Eastman may easily be the big sensation of the 1932 Olympic games. At his best he can run the 400- and the 800-meter races in new world's record time. This blond Californian from Stanford is the most remarkable middle-

distance runner the world has ever known. Only staleness or an accident can stop him.

These men are only part of Western strength. The reserve supply includes such athletes as Churchill, the javelin thrower; Graber at the pole vault, Hall, Vic Williams and others who will be hard to beat, even in record performances.

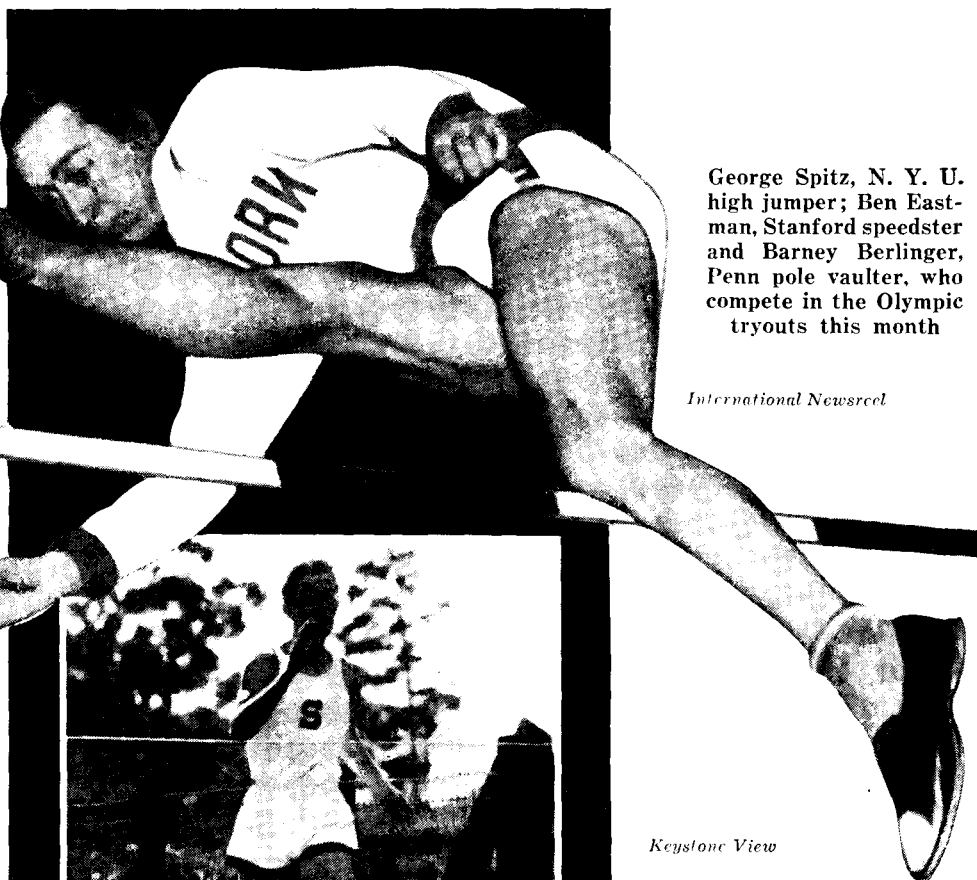
Despite this formidable opposition, the East and Mid-West will not be outclassed in any way. From the East there will be Gene Venzke, who ran the mile in 4:10 some months ago. The distance will be 1,500 meters in the Olympic show, but this distance should suit Pottstown's "Son of the Wind" perfectly since he has both stamina and speed. He will have Brocksmith of Indiana and Hollowell of Harvard to crowd aside, both of whom can do a lot of running.

Hollowell can step off on either the mile or half-mile route, which means an ideal competition for the 1,500-meter race. This Crimson flyer has speed, stamina and heart to work with. The same is true of Brocksmith, the Hoosier entry, who has greater stamina and more long-distance driving force than either Venzke or Hollowell. And the East will also have Otto Rosner, who recently conquered Venzke in a 1,000-yard race over a heavy, slow track, in close to record time.

The Versatile George Spitz

Nor is this all the East can present. George Spitz, the world's greatest high jumper, and Leo Sexton in the shot put, will be on hand. Both are record-holders. Spitz isn't far from being the greatest all-around track and field athlete in the world. He can high-jump over 6 feet, 8 inches. He can broad-jump close to 24 feet. He can run the hundred around 10 seconds and a little more time for training would make him a remarkable hurdler. He has a greater elastic force in his legs than anyone I have ever seen. In his first effort at a broad jump he was around 23 feet, and in practice efforts I have seen him clear 6 feet, 6 inches at the high jump without even removing his "warm up" garments.

Mike Sweeney, the famous Hill School trainer and coach, says Leo Sexton, the shot putter, has the finest build he has



George Spitz, N. Y. U. high jumper; Ben Eastman, Stanford speedster and Barney Berlinger, Penn pole vaulter, who compete in the Olympic tryouts this month

International Newsreel



Keystone View



Wide World

mentioned in this list. And before the brickbats start to fly from various sections it should be stated that this is only a partial list.

But at least in this line-up enough talent has been uncovered from both sections to show how close the East-West struggle for supremacy will be in naming the United States team.

After this come the big Olympic final games at Los Angeles, running from the last of July to the middle of August. Here it will be the rest of the athletic world against the United States.

America's High Hopes

Germany alone has planned to send over 250 athletes. Finland, Sweden, Great Britain, France, Canada, Italy and others will have teams well up to old standards. Little Finland was quite upset over the early ban against Nurmi, threatening to withdraw if the peerless Paavo was ruled in-

eligible. Nurmi today is the greatest 10,000-meter runner in the world and the greatest over the marathon route, but at shorter distances Lehtinen is just as good as the Flying Finn ever was.

In the last two Olympic games the United States has won only two flat races on the track—Scholz in the 100-meters at Paris in 1924, Barbuti in the 400-meter race at Amsterdam in 1928. This is a ghastly showing. But U. S. trainers and coaches, with so many local stars to count on, are sure 1932 at Los Angeles will be different.

How many records will fall? I believe Spitz will break the Olympic high-jump mark; that Venzke will crack the 1,500-meter record; that Eastman will break the 400-meter record and possibly the 800-meter record, and that Sexton will overturn the shot-put distance. There will be at least two and possibly three more records broken if those qualified to face the big moment are not stale or overtrained through a long series of trial contests.

ever seen. He won't be far from 53 feet when the big test comes. He has that final explosive quality of the right wrist that does the big work.

The East also will send Barney Berlinger to compete for the all-around title and Keith Brown of Yale for the pole vault. Brown is a freshman who has already cleared 14 feet in practice.

Moving on to the South and the Mid-West, there are at least three other brilliant candidates. They are Toppino, the Loyola sprinter from New Orleans; Tolan, the Michigan Express, and Keller, the Ohio hurdler. Here are three men who, at their best, can be beaten only by a new world's record. Toppino has tied short sprint records. Tolan will be at his best in the 200-meter race and he won't be far away over the 100-meter route. And Earl Thompson, the former hurdle record-holder and now a leading coach, says Keller is the greatest hurdler he ever saw. Keller has the blazing speed needed down the stretch, plus unusual hurdling skill and form. And there is Record of Harvard to be

Clouds on the Circle-P

*A story of the new West
when the spirit of the old
West flamed*

By Ernest Haycox

ZIM BUHL said: "Me? I'm only an echo from the past and a mighty dim echo to boot. Should've died twenty years ago—I'd been remembered as a Big One. Time was when I made my word good as far as it reached but now nobody believes, lookin' at such wreckage as is left of me, I could be the man that broke Dan Springer's gang out yonder by Remsen's corral."

Yuba Gann, full of sin and unspent wages, struck the bar with the flat of his hand. "Come and get my money before I throw it away! Gentlemen, surround me. I despise drinkin' alone."

"The last of my trail dust," brooded Zim, "was blown away by the wind years back."

"Sure, Zim," broke in Yuba, tolerantly grinning. "But did yuh ever stop to think that time rolls on like a herd smellin' water? Have another drink and forget it."

Zim Buhl shoved himself away from the bar, weathered blue eyes showing bright anger. "Thanks, no. I will not presume on your time or charity." Turning out of the saloon, he still made a picture of some worth. The shrinkage of the years had hollowed and wrinkled his body but there was yet a remnant of once-wide shoulders and even now some stiffness to his spine. A white mustache fell around pressed lips, the rest of his features were spare and fine. Between the boarded building fronts of Trail Town heat layers trembled visibly and a risen dust clung acridly to the air. But old Zim's blood was thin and when he reached the stable—which by kindness was his home—he settled on a bench to soak up the warmth.

"When a man's body begins to decay," he grumbled, tamping tobacco into a pipe with fingers that trembled slightly, "his mind ought to cloud up and cut him off from what he used to be. It's hell to remember."

A rider came out of the prairie glare, on a dun horse loping rhythmically, and advanced on the stable. He was rangy, pinch-hipped, and his legs hung straight beside the saddle fenders while the rest of his body moved with a lazy undulation. In front of old Zim he wheeled, stepped effortlessly to the ground—one cool gleam of humor appearing across the established gravity of his bronzed, hardened features. The reins dropped from fingers that reached immediately for a tobacco sack; and

after he had sealed and lighted the smoke he sank to his hunkers. His voice was like the rest of him, slurred and imperturbable:

"The class in geography will now come to order."

Zim moved off the bench and squatted, instantly at sharp attention.

"Here," said the lean rider, making traces in the dust with one long finger, "is my ranch. Here is the ridge west of it, and here is the flat beyond. Chicken Foot Creek runs across the flat about this wise southerly. That is, it does now. But where'd it use to run, Zim?"

"Why," said Zim, "that's so far back I'd plumb forgotten, Thorpe. How'd you know it ever run different?"

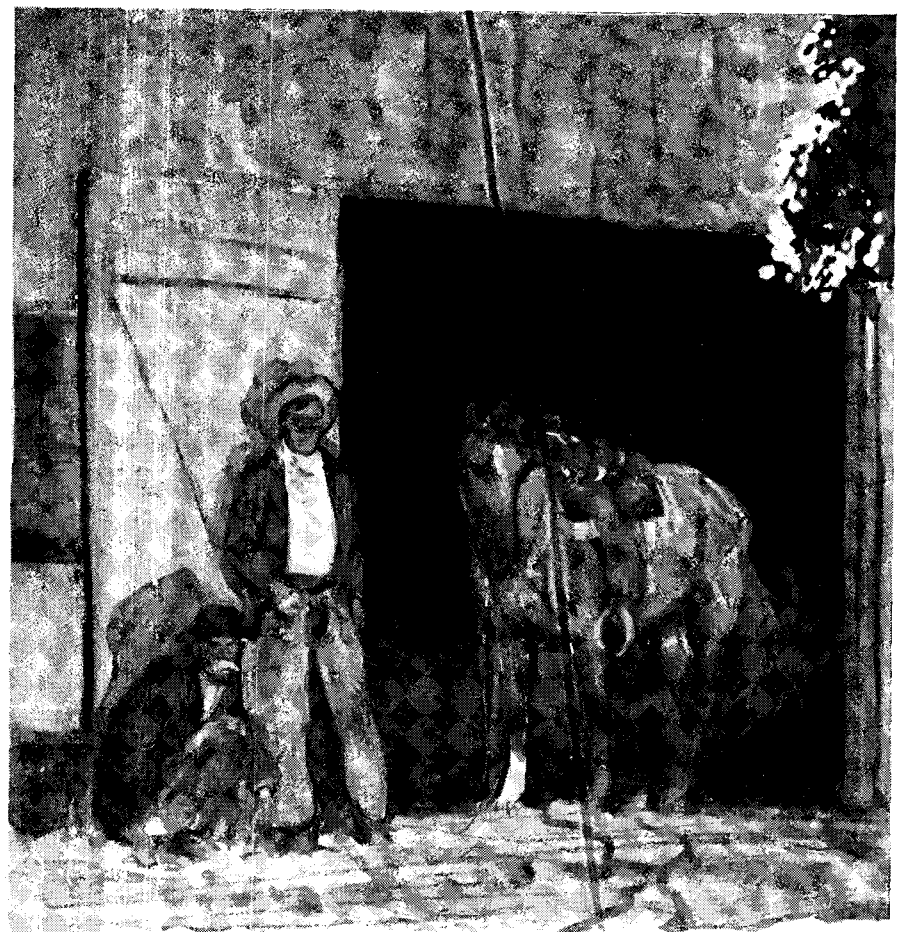
"I find evidence of another bed where it might of been," said Thorpe Paisley.



"I'm here," he drawled, "to take up the option on a promise"

"Yeah," said Zim. His lids closed and a furrow went slashing across his brow. "There was a freshet in this country back in—well, it was the year I was elected sheriff—1882. Creek ran about a quarter mile from the ridge till that bust of water gouged out a new bed."

THORPE PAISLEY nodded. "Get this, Zim. The old survey of the ranch made in '79, durin' my dad's time, states that the property line on the west runs down Chicken Foot Creek. When Chicken Foot Creek jumped nearer the



The heat-smothered quiet was

ridge it cut a good quarter mile off the Paisleyholdings. I was a youngster then and never knew about it."

"So you got more range than you figured?"

Paisley scratched out the dust chart with idle motions. "The Morgan boys," said he, "have been usin' about six hundred acres really mine."

At the mention of that name, old Zim's mouth corners went down. A self-minding silence had been the rule of his life and all he said now, after considerable interval,

was: "You'll be fencin' it in?"

Paisley raised his head. "What would you think about that?"

"The Morgans," was Zim's quiet reply, "are second cousins to the old Springer outfit."

"The start of another scrape," grunted Paisley.

"This scrape," observed Zim, "was started afore you were born. Your dad never ducked his head to any man that breathed. The Springers fought him and hated him. Well, they're all gone, but the Morgans are the same blood—and they despise your name."

"Which is why I have minded my own business," said Paisley. "I was born and raised in warfare and went to sleep many a night with the sound of gunshots in my ears. Sure, the old man never ducked his head to anybody. And he died one day—dry-gulched. There's the reward of a fighter."

"Some say 'twas a Morgan as did it," gently interposed Zim.

Paisley stared at the older man. "Are you tryin' to rib me into a ruckus?"

"Then what you propose to do about that land?"

"Don't know," muttered Paisley and erased all the marks on the ground with an abrupt sweep of his hand. He stood up, the calm pleasantness gone from his face, and he strolled over to lean against the stable's wall. "But I refuse to be a public killer."

ZIM stared into the distance, seeing vanished things. "Your dad rode with me against more than one tough nut and I always felt better for havin' him along. He never bothered about close reasonin' and his chores always seemed pretty clear to him. He spoke gentle, played a man's part, and kept his conscience clear."

"And died at thirty," added Thorpe Paisley, slowly bitter, "because a lot of so-called friends nudged him into a feud they ought to've settled themselves. Otherwise, he'd been alive to-day."

"What of it?" asked old Zim. "He went out smilin', and his memory is



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

disrupted by the rush of five horsemen into town with a violence that sent heavy, yellow skirts of dust around them

green. Some men in the world are born to do the hard chores. Your dad happened to be such a man—and he knew it. What's an extra twenty years of livin'—when it's mostly a downhill coast?"

"You got a sharp mind, Zim. Never forget a thing, do you?"

"Mind is good as it ever was. I think the same, feel the same." Then the latent rebellion flared forth. "By God, it is miserable business to peter out by inches! Never mind your dad. He had a satisfyin' end."

PAISLEY shook his head, straightening against the stable wall. The heat-smothered quiet was disrupted by the rush of five horsemen into town and down the street with a violence that sent heavy yellow skirts of dust around them. Zim Buhl rose from his haunches and went back to the bench; Paisley's cheeks showed no discernible emotion. These five collected by a saloon door—all small, whip-figured men, angular of face, controlled by a nervous impatience. They were alike, and the one who turned deliberately to stare back at Paisley had features common to the others. His eyes, beady and black as darkest obsidian, were placed close to the sides of a flattened nose; and out of them flashed a vindictive moodiness as violent as any speech could be. The five wheeled into the saloon.

"If I know a challenge when I see one," muttered Zim, "there it was on Vee Morgan's ugly map."

"Another sucker," said Paisley. "People consider him tough—so he tries to live up to it."

Zim displayed worry. "Don't underestimate him, or his brothers. I..."

They came out again, some plain purpose arranging them in a knot on the saloon porch. Vee Morgan put his back to Paisley, scratched a match on the saloon wall. His talk, too obviously meant to reach across the street, was full of irony. "The big cattleman from Chicken Foot Creek's in town, boys."

"You mean the mighty man scared of his own temper?"

"That's him. The big, silent fellow with a record."

"Whut record, Vee?"

Vee Morgan wheeled, stepped to the saddle of his horse and reined around. The jet eyes flicked Thorpe Paisley. "Record for avoidin' a showdown."

They stormed out, sun flashing against exposed metal gear. Old Zim's mouth hardened and he looked at Paisley standing so still and expressionless against the stable wall. "Seems to me, Thorpe, 'sif you'd sort of have to put up that fence as a matter of principle."

"Sucker play," grunted Paisley and walked to his horse. From the saddle he said: "A bullet, Zim, ain't the answer to anything."

"Morgans," warned Zim, "are the same as the Springers was—and I never knew a Springer to fight fair if he could help it. Remember, your dad was shot in the back."

Paisley nodded and spurred off,

homebound in the wake of the Morgans. Old Zim watched him go. "That's the way it'll be," he observed slowly, "five o' them and one of him."

Thorpe Paisley cantered down the road, full beat of the sun on him. The Morgans were only a quarter-mile ahead and after a little while he saw that they matched his slower pace to keep the fog of dust irritatingly before him. "They followed me to town," he guessed, "to make that little play in public." Narrow-eyed, he saw one of them halt and wheel about. This one's hand rose high, signaled and fell; then the group drew away at a dead gallop. At first he took it to be a gesture of insolence but when he reached the place at which the Morgan had made his seeming sign, his reaching glance discovered something lying plainly in the dust. Dismounting, he retrieved it, and needed only one look to know the Morgans had again taunted him. What rested in his palm was a square of cowhide six inches across, and on that square was his own brand—Circle-P.

HIS first hot anger impelled him to make a chase of it and terminate once and for all the Morgan campaign. A cool second thought suppressed the impulse and, holding fast to the long and rigid discipline that had made him so odd a son of Wild Tom Paisley, Thorpe rode the ten miles to his front door. He threw a casual meal together and afterwards sat smoking in the shaded cool of his own front room.

It was an embracing room—built by his father, who could stand nothing small, nothing ungenerous. The floor was deeply worn by the boots of a generation that had known the Paisley outfit to be great; and along the walls were the relics of a hard, boisterous era. But as his glance touched and remained on the picture above the mantel—a scene of three thousand Circle-P cattle surrounded by Circle-P riders—a rebel stubbornness fell over Thorpe Paisley's slim, hard cheeks. There was the visible high-water mark of the Paisley fortunes, of that golden period before his elder entered into the Springer feud. Never afterwards did a Paisley roundup amount to anything. The Paisleys went to war, the cattle dwindled, poverty and death set in. Thorpe sat in a scene of ruin, alone, oppressed by the presence of ghosts; suddenly furious at a country which, having applauded one Paisley to disaster, now waited for another to resume the feud with those logical inheritors of it, the Morgans.

He struck the chair arm one heavy blow. "Not me, by God!"

Walking out to the porch, he looked about with a slow stir of pride. Alone and unhelped, he had slowly brought some sign of order out of the mess. His cattle grazed the ridges. In another ten years Circle-P would once more be powerful; and every dissenting, long-formed conviction in his head forbade him to open a war that would bring ruin again.

(Continued on page 46)

The Kick-the-Chair Vote

By Clinton W. Gilbert

PRESIDENT HOOVER enters the campaign for reelection a fallen idol. As Byron wrote of Napoleon after his collapse:

*Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.*

The superman of 1928 is the man of whom a good many find nothing favorable to say in 1932. He suffered from too much adulation four years ago and he suffers from a corresponding degree of detraction today. It is unlikely that justice will be done to him in this election. The electorate as a body is rather childish. When a child stumbles over a chair his impulse is to get up and kick the chair. Apparently the voters are going to kick the chair this time.

Yet Mr. Hoover was not in any sense responsible for the depression. And I know no one who might have been elected President in 1928 who would have altered its destructive course any more than Mr. Hoover has. Certainly Calvin Coolidge, with his habitual reluctance to act, would have accomplished no more to mitigate the disaster than has the President. Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, who was the alternative to Mr. Hoover, is a bolder man, and he would have had from Owen D. Young more constructive advice than Mr. Hoover has had. But one cannot be sure what might have been.

Reflected Weakness

Certainly the downward rush of the forces that toppled the edifice of false prosperity were irresistible by any means that the country was educated to approve. The weaknesses of Mr. Hoover as a leader in the emergency that existed are the weaknesses of the country itself, of the business leaders who have dominated the relations of the country, and of the Republican party which conforms to the wishes of those business leaders. The big business men lost their heads in the great boom period that ended in 1929 and have not found them yet. And a government and a party which have derived their inspiration from big business suddenly found themselves without chart or compass in a storm.

What has this country ever done to stem a depression? Nothing. Business did not wish its government to assume powers in an emergency that it might be tempted to use after the emergency had passed. And the individualistic spirit of nine-tenths of the people was equally jealous of any assumption of power in a crisis.

So there was no previous experience to guide Mr. Hoover. And the President himself, a

frontiersman in the formative period of his life, is temperamentally opposed to any experimental use of government powers, even in an emergency. He was thus typically American, typically Republican, and I might say almost typically Democratic too, though the Democratic party has not had the advantage the Republican party has had of long and intimate association with the ruling powers of this country. And so the Democratic party is not bound completely by the need of consistency with its own mistakes.

Thus the President has always seemed to be pushed into what he has done to mitigate the panic. But so, probably, would have any President, restrained by this traditional disinclination of the government to interfere with economic processes and having no previous governmental experience to guide him. So, certainly, would the hero of the boom years, Calvin Coolidge, have seemed. He was the personification of Republican inertia.

I compare Hoover with his predecessor because so many people wish now that that predecessor were available for

the November election. But that popular hero, in office during the depression, would have assumed the protective coloration of the traditional attitude of noninterference, unless, like the proverbial chameleon, he exploded trying to keep in harmony with the colors of the present crazy quilt.

Mr. Hoover was slow to perceive that we were entering upon what may prove to be the most serious depression in history. But so was everyone else. The crash in 1929 was monstrous. It was unbelievable. Faith in the new era when everything was going to be forever on the up-and-up was firm in the White House, as it was everywhere else. The Lord had visited upon the Stock Exchange condign pun-

Atene

The most prominent victim of the "American system" of coping with economic disorder: President Hoover

ishment for its sins and the rest of us virtuous people would escape.

So Mr. Hoover issued constantly optimistic predictions that the worst would soon pass and in sixty days the turn for the better would take place. And when the upturn did not arrive on the appointed day, there was always a new optimistic prediction. It had only been delayed for another sixty days. That was what the country wanted to hear. It was what it wanted to believe. It was not ready for any radical departure from faith in the beneficent operation of unregulated economic forces.

We look upon these things now with hindsight. But if we put ourselves back a couple of years we can see that what Mr. Hoover did was natural and inevitable, the tradition of the country being what it was.

So Mr. Hoover's policy with regard to the depression has been defensive. He has moved under the compulsion of circumstances to put props under the falling timbers. He proposed a moratorium on war debts and reparations, when the collapse of Germany threatened to spread further disaster here. The Reconstruction Corporation has a large name which suggests upbuilding, but actually it was a device to stabilize the banks and the railroads and to prevent failures that would resound through the country.

The "Accident" of Unemployment

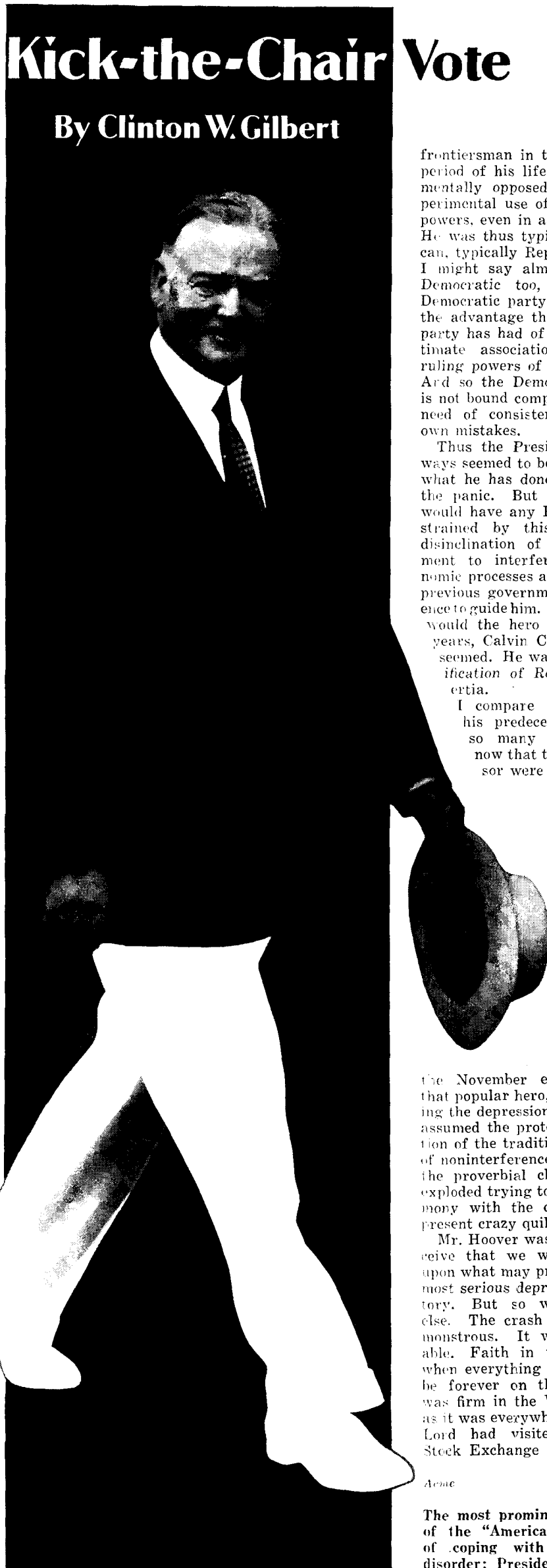
His attitude toward Federal unemployment relief was significant. He was quick to see that for the Federal government to assume responsibility for the unemployed would be for it to assume responsibility for the social consequences of the economic system it acquiesced in. Large radical possibilities lay ahead of this step, once taken.

His party, the traditions of the country, were against the implications of such a new departure. The "American system" was to treat unemployment as an accident and leave it to casual relief. And I think that the country was with him at first in his refusal to let the Federal government assume responsibility. But once committed on this issue, the President had to stay committed. What becomes of the Republican party once you enlarge the social responsibilities of the government?

Therefore, though most voters will really be doing nothing more than kicking the chair this year, we actually will be voting on what may prove a turning point in the history of the American democracy. There won't be much sense in voting for the Democratic party this year unless that party is going to assume the offensive against depression.

Mr. Hoover stands for the pleasant past in the history of this country, in which things always could be trusted to right themselves. That idea still has a pretty strong hold upon the American people. Looking back at our history, one thinks it is entitled to have a strong hold upon us. I can remember the time when unemployment was the fault of the unemployed. Later it became the misfortune, which would be sure to arouse adequately the sympathies of the more fortunate. Senator Robinson recently introduced a proposal which implied that unemployment was the consequence of something which might imply failure on the part of the Federal government.

That should be the issue. It all depends on whether the Democratic party has convictions and the courage of them. If it is merely going to be a Democrat running against a Republican for President and counting on the kick-the-chair vote to win, then intelligent people may ask themselves if Mr. Hoover's experience of these years in dealing with the depression is not worth retaining.



Memorial to a Hero

Mr. Carnesi and some of his business associates pay a tribute

By John Macy

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

ALESSANDRO MORETTI turned from his modeling stand and answered a knock at the door of his studio.

"Entrate! Come in!"

There entered a young man in a fawn-colored suit and a brown velours hat, with a flat package under his arm.

"Mr. Moretti?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Passerini sent me to you."

"He is a great friend of mine. What can I do for you?"

"Could you make a statue of a fella from pictures of him, to go on his grave?"

"What do you mean? A mausoleum?"

"No, nothin' so grand as that. Just a picture of him. So big, maybe."

"Ah, I understand. A medallion portrait. A tablet. *Di bronzo o di marmo*—marble?"

"I dunno. You tell us. I brought all the pictures of him I could find."

The young man untied the package, and Moretti saw photographs—one, horribly colored, of a flabby-cheeked, pig-eyed boy.

"Um. So! Who is he?"

"That's Frank Simeone. His pictures and a big story were in the papers last month. You must 'a' seen it."

"No. I don't read the papers every day. Maybe I heard about him."

"I been in the papers too, more than once. But they ain't got nothin' on me."

"Ah! I commence to comprehend. You have what you call a gang. What is your name?"

"Vito Carnesi. Now, can you make a picture of him by copyin' these photographs? About like this."

The young man shaped a parenthesis in the air with delicate hands.

"Ye-es. I can make something. Maybe it will look more like him in bas-relief than in a flat photograph."

"How much will it cost?"

"Depends if you want bronze or marble. Marble costs more. I will get estimates and let you know. For my work, well, I will charge you two hundred fifty dollars."

"O. K. with me. Can you do it right away?"

"Certainly. I will make a sketch, rough model. You come back in two days, and if you like what I do, you pay me something. Then I will finish and you pay me the rest."

"O. K. I'll come back Thursday. Thank you. Pleased to've met you. Good day."

When the door closed and the sound of steps in the corridor diminished, Moretti threw his hands above his head and yelled at his assistant in a whirl of English and Italian: "Luigi! Luigi! Come look at this *porco mutt stupido* fat-face' *becero idiota imbecille!* Who killed him did a good job. He ought to have been killed for looking like that. But well, *figlio mio*, we need two hundred fifty. I will make him so handsome as you never saw, just like a barber or head waiter. But I must call Dr. Passerini on the telephone and find out about this. . . .

"Allo! Allo! Is that you, Giulio? This is Alessandro. Fine. How are you?



"It's good," said Carnesi. "Looks just like him"

Say, what about this man Carnesi that came just now to get me to make a medallion of a paste-face named Simeone? . . . Oh, he was a patient of yours? Why did not you tell me before? Oh, you been away? Is this man Carnesi all right? Will I get my money? . . .

"Ha, Luigi, Dr. Passerini says that I am more sure to get my money than if I make for Andrew Mellon. . . . All right, Giulio, I understand. Thank you for this commission. I need it. Yes, I know they are honest in their way, same as you and me and everybody, sometimes honest, sometimes crooks. You are a great physician and a big charlatan. I am a great artist and a big faker. Yes, Francesca and I will come to dinner next week. Fine. And you must come see this masterpiece, this monster-piece! Good-by."

MORETTI told his wife, Francesca, about his commission, told her with great gusto and humor. Francesca, whose gusto was also great but whose humor was not to be depended on, flew off into mirthless objections:

"Alessandro, you must not have anything to do with those terrible *ludroni*, those robbers. They will cheat you. If they don't like what you do they may kill you. They may think you have insulted him in clay, just like you make

fun of him when you talk about him. Oh, yes, you are funny. But I am afraid. They will kill you."

"Now listen, *cara mia*, listen! I know thousands of Italians in New York, rich and poor, bankers and laborers, Fascisti and anti-Fascisti, priests and atheists, conservatives and anarchists. And the one kind which is absolutely safe is the artist if he minds his business. They will let us starve but they will not hurt us. Why? Because all Italians are crazy fools about artists. No matter if they know nothing about art, they think we are all wonderful geniuses. We are hungry but we are safe. So now you be happy and you can have a new dress."

Francesca subsided a little. But too often the fretfulness of her wholly in-artistic temperament scratched Moretti's sensitive nerves and sharpened his mockery as he deftly pushed and gouged and patted the pudgy features on his modeling board.

On Thursday the dapper young man with the keen, grave face came into the studio and looked at his friend's image in clay.

"Yeah. I think it's good. I want his other friends to see it. When you're ready I'll bring 'em. I'll give you a hundred in cash now. More if you want it. I know it'll be O. K."

"Good. I'll take a hundred now, and you pay a hundred fifty when I finish next week."

"O. K." The young man peeled two fifty-dollar bills from a roll.

"THANK you. Oh, Mr. Carnesi, maybe you can do something for me. I can get plenty of wine. But no good whisky at a reasonable price. You must know how to get it. Can you take a little of that money and get me two or three bottles of good rye?"

"I'll get you a case."

"No, that's too much. Cannot afford it now. How much will it cost by the bottle?"

"Oh, not much. We'll talk about that when we come to settle up. Don't worry. We get it cheap."

Two days later at eight in the morning Moretti unlocked the outside door of the old building, climbed three flights, and unlocked the door of his studio. The lock was a modern one which he and not the landlord had paid for. Inside the door was a pasteboard carton with no marks. Moretti ripped it open and found a card on which were written only the words: "Please accept this little present from your friends." The little present was twelve bottles of rye whisky, one of which Moretti opened

(Continued on page 41)



Carl Mueller

She told her fortune with an old deck of cards

I HAD a dream. Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned before the Judgment Seat for examination. A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits awaiting the heavenly inquisition. “Do you belong with that bunch?” the policeman asked. I didn’t know, so I asked him who they were. “Why,” said he, “they are—”

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

DULCIE worked in a department store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars a week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else in the Ledger Kept On High. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Very well. I will tell you.

One afternoon at six, when Dulcie was sticking her hatpin within an inch of her *medulla oblongata*, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side: “Say, Sade, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy.”

“You never did!” exclaimed Sadie admiringly. “He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening. You’ll have

a swell time, Dulcie.”

Dulcie hurried homeward. She stopped in a store and bought an imitation lace collar with her last fifty cents. She had planned to spend that money otherwise—supper fifteen cents, breakfast ten, ten cents for lunch, a dime for savings, and the remaining nickel for licorice drops. What is life without its pleasure?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding house. In a furnished room other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Well, Dulcie went up to her third-floor back. She lit the gas. Now observe the room. Couch-bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie’s. On the dresser were her treasures, pathetic knickknacks climaxed by a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon.

Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough and Benvenuto Cellini.

Piggy was to call for Dulcie at seven. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.

For the room Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On week days her breakfast cost ten cents—and she cooked it over the gas jet while she dressed. On Sunday mornings she feasted for twenty-five cents at Billy’s Restaurant—and tipped the waitress ten cents. She had her lunches in the department-store restaurant, sixty cents for the week. Her dinners came to a dollar five. What with daily and Sunday papers, her total fixed charges were \$4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes, and—I give it up.

Twice Dulcie had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobbyhorses. ’Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him, an undeserved stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine. He was fat: he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat, and the magnanimity of a cat. He wore expensive clothes and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shop-girl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea. He prowled the shopping districts, flaunting invitations to dinner. He is a type; I can dwell upon him no longer.

At ten minutes to seven Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the mir-

ror and was satisfied. The dark blue dress fitted without a wrinkle. The feather in the hat was jaunty. The gloves were only slightly soiled. The whole, representing privation, even of food, was vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment, except that she was beautiful and that life was about to lift a corner of its mysterious veil, for her to observe its wonders.

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for stolen gas. “A gentleman’s downstairs to see you.”

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief. Then she stopped still and bit her underlip hard. While looking in the mirror she had seen fairyland and herself a princess walking through it. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did. Kitchener, straight and slender and tall, with a look of reproach on his melancholy face!

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady. “Tell him I can’t go,” she said dully. “Tell him I’m sick or something. Tell him I’m not going out.”

After the door was closed and locked Dulcie cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. His wonderful mustache was a dream, and she was afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house, sometime, and ask for her. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

She got out of her finery and into her old blue kimono. She drew a chair to the rickety table and told her fortune with an old deck of cards. At nine o’clock she feasted on crackers and raspberry jam. At half past nine she said good night to General Kitchener, the Duchess of Marlborough, and William Muldoon. “And don’t,” she said to Kitchener, “put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. You don’t have to live on six dollars a week.” Then she put out the light and skipped into bed.

THIS story doesn’t really get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later—sometime when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way.

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking spirits and a policeman asked if I belonged with them.

“Who are they?” I said.

“Why,” said he, “they are the men who hired working girls, and paid ’em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?”

“Not on your immortality,” said I. “I’m only a fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum, and murdered a blind man for his pennies.”

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Another O'Malley story,
wherein that cynical gen-
ius sees the answer to a
problem—

In a Mirror

By William
MacHarg

THIS is a Long Island murder," said O'Malley, "so whoever gets credit out of it, it won't be me; but they got me working on the Manhattan end of it. Am I a messenger-boy or what am I? These were two New York girls that lived together, and for a joke they put an ad in a paper like it was some girl that wanted to get married. Well, a lot of guys answered it and they liked one letter pretty well, so they wrote back to him and met the guy.

"These girls were secretaries, but one of 'em, named Miss Wells, had some dough she had inherited from her father. Then she fell in love with the guy that answered the ad and agreed to marry him; so she took four thousand dollars out of the bank and went out on Long Island with him to buy a house he'd showed her there. They found her murdered."

"I suppose," I said, "as long as girls consent to marry men whom they know nothing about, such murders will happen."

"Does a girl ever know anything about a guy, even if she's married to him?" O'Malley answered. "This guy gave the girl a false name but now we got his right one. This is him."

He took a police flier from his pocket, with the usual portrait and the heading, "Wanted for Murder," and I studied it. "He looks capable of any crime," I decided.

"Yeah? You think that because he's wanted for murder. If he'd just gave some money to a hospital you'd think he had a fine face. This guy was raised in Manhattan and they think he's hiding here, so I got to trace him down. But first I got to find out where to look for him."

We drove out onto Long Island to where they had the girl. She was an unusually pretty girl and was about twenty-two years old. They had her clothes there and the things she had been carrying; and there was a faded bunch of sweet peas which had been fresh when she was wearing them, and her handbag, which the money had been in, was still open as it had been found.

"He probably bought those flowers for her," I hazarded, "and she thanked him and pinned them on and maybe kissed him for them, and all the time he knew what he was going to do to her."

"Say, you're a great guy to go around with, ain't you?" O'Malley remarked

sarcastically. "When you get thoughts like that, why don't you keep 'em to yourself?"

He examined all the articles very carefully.

"They got this guy's ma and pa here," he told me. "He lived with 'em. That's why I had to come out here to talk with 'em. But do I like the job? I'll say not. Auston their name is."

But I had already seen the name James Auston on the police flier. We went to the station house. They had the girl she had lived with there and had been questioning her, and in another room they had the young man's parents. They were a neat, respectable couple, a small middle-aged man and a little gray-haired woman, who looked as though events had stunned them.

"I GUESS you seen enough cops already," O'Malley told them, "but there's still some questions that I got to ask you. I want to know who your son's friends was and what places he most often went to."

We sat down and the little man gave us a list of people and places which

O'Malley noted down. The woman listened. Her eyes were red with weeping. When we got up to go, she rose and faced us.

"He didn't do it!" she said, trying to keep steady. "I want you to understand that. I realize, of course, that you don't know anything about him; but I'm his mother and have known him all his life and I tell you he didn't do it!"

She couldn't say any more than that because at that point she began to weep again. O'Malley looked very uncomfortable.

"Yes, ma'am," he evaded her.

I was glad when we got out of there. "That's the trouble with it," I complained. "Back of the criminal are innocent people—"

"Sure," O'Malley interrupted. "Do you think you can do something about that? Well, I got his friends' names that I came out here for, so what I'd ought to do now is go back to Manhattan and question those people; but it ain't likely he can get away, and that old lady has given me an interest in this case I didn't have before. Let's go

and look at the scene of this homicide."

"Where was she killed?" I asked.

"Right there in the house that she thought they were going to buy to live in, with the piece of pipe you seen there in the station house. Some plumber had left it lying handy for him, or else he'd put it there himself to serve his purpose. Let's go."

WE DROVE to the house, which was in a new real estate development. There were rows of these small houses, all alike, for sale mostly to young married couples. Some were already occupied; others finished but vacant, with "For Sale" signs on them; others were only partly completed, with men still working. Around them were the truck gardens that once had filled the neighborhood and close by were greenhouses.

We had no trouble picking the right house; there were parked cars and people staring at it, and a uniformed officer on the doorstep. There were more cops inside, in plain clothes and uniform; and it was easy to tell the room where it had happened—the freshly

(Continued on page 43)



Two of the cops grabbed the gardener and another one helped O'Malley with the bricks

Harry L. Timmins



"Lady Beatrice has been so kind to me, Wellington. She lent me her smelling salts"

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE in London, with his daughter Jane, U. S. Senator Opal (an ardent dry) writes a letter to his bootlegger, Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge receives the missive in error. She prepares to use it—to blackmail the senator into making her husband Ambassador to France. The senator must recover it. He plans to do so.

The Gedges are ensconced in the Château Blissac, in France. In Mrs. Gedge's bedroom is a safe. In the safe are Mrs. Gedge's jewels—and the letter. . . . Guests arrive: Senator Opal and Jane. With the senator—serving incognito as his valet—is one Blair Eggleston, novelist, secretly engaged to Jane.

Another guest is expected: the Vicomte de Blissac. The vicomte, however, goes on a bender. Whereupon, Packy Franklyn (engaged to the beautiful Lady Beatrice Bracken, but determined to cop that letter—for Jane) impersonates the young gentleman (an old pal) and becomes guest No. 3 of the Gedges.

Guest No. 4 now arrives: "Oily" Carlisle, a crook, posing as the Duc de Pont-Andemer. Working with Mr. Carlisle is a safe-cracker: "Soup" Slattery. Between them, they hope to extract Mrs. Gedge's jewels.

The action around the safe henceforth is fast and furious. But no one can obtain the letter; the jewels remain untouched. . . . Presently Mr. Carlisle makes a delightful discovery: Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid, is an old flame. She, too, is engaged in the task of relieving Mrs. Gedge of her jewels. They agree to cooperate.

In the course of their adventures, Packy and the Duc de Pont-Andemer's capable assistant have met, become friends. The titled gentleman is much mystified by Packy's conduct. "Who," he says to Soup, "is this Vicomte de Blissac?"

"Him?" exclaims Mr. Slattery. "Oh, he's okay. He's after some letter—a copper-izing letter—Mrs. Gedge's got."

And as they converse, the clouds of drama gather.

VIII

MR. CARLISLE stared at Mr. Slattery with horrified incredulity.

"And you believed him?"

"Sure, I believed him."

"Well, I'm darned!"

"Certainly I believed him. He's a friend of mine."

"Then do you mean," Mr. Carlisle

quavered, "that you aren't going to beat this bird up?"

It is not the simplest of tasks to laugh derisively with your mouth full of coffee, but Mr. Slattery succeeded in doing so.

"Who, me? Why, say! Him and me are like that."

He placed two banana-esque fingers together to indicate the closeness of the trust and friendship which linked Packy and himself.

"You don't have to worry about that guy. He told me all about it. This letter is one some fellow named Senator Opal wrote and it'll get him in Dutch, far as I gather, if it comes out. And the Gedge dame has got hold of it. That's all this guy is after. He ain't attracted by the ice. Don't hold no fascination for him at all. He told me so himself."

Mr. Carlisle drew in his breath sharply. If Senator Opal had written a letter so indiscreet that he had to employ bravos to recover it for him, it must be a letter worth acquiring.

For one reason and another, Gordon Carlisle, though a many-sided man, had never yet made any experiments in the direction of blackmail.

But now . . . with this wonderful opportunity opening before his eyes . . .

The mood of elation did not last long. Chilling it, there came the dismal reflection that he could never hope to convince Gertie of this. She would see Packy going about all hale and hearty and she would demand an explanation and would certainly refuse to accept the only one he could give.

He bade Mr. Slattery a hasty farewell.

What, he asked himself as he walked towards the château, would Gertie say when she found that he had not fulfilled those gallant boasts and promises of yesterday?

HE WAS given an early opportunity of ascertaining what she would say. She met him halfway down the drive and said it.

"Hey!" she cried, and there was no mistaking the censure in her voice. "What's all this? You told me you were going to beat that ringer guy up last night, and I see him just now strutting his stuff without so much as a mark on him. How come?"

Mr. Carlisle moistened his lips, and summoned to his aid all his professional skill. Now, if ever, was there need for that magic eloquence of his.

"You'll be surprised when I tell you," he said, and was dismayed to find how lame and halting his words seemed. At this crisis in his life, eloquence had deserted him. "The fact is, we've been all wrong about that bird."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, he isn't after the ice at all. What he's come for is a compromising letter . . ."

"What!"

"Just that. He told me so himself."

"When?"

"Last night, when I went to his room and . . ."

"When you went to his room! You never went near him. I see it all now. I might have known that you were just bluffing yesterday. You got cold feet. Well, good-by, Mr. Carlisle."

"Where are you going?"

"None of your business. If you really

want to know, I'm going back to Mr. Eggleston."

A spasm of anguished alarm shot through Gordon Carlisle. This was the first intimation he had received that his already difficult wooing might be further complicated by a rival.

"Who's he?"

"Senator Opal's valet. I like him very much. So if you will excuse me, Mr. Carlisle, I will be going back to him."

She passed on her way, even her black hair expressing her contempt.

Mr. Carlisle remained where he was. A jealous fury had him in its grip. This Eggleston! . . . As far as his seething mind was capable of formulating any coherent plan, he resolved that he would seize the earliest opportunity of taking a look at this Eggleston.

And if on inspection this Eggleston proved to be of a not too formidable physique, he would know what to do about it.

THE day of Mrs. Gedge's return to the château of which she was the temporary lessee and proprietor was as fine as every other day had been for weeks. St. Rocque was certainly having a great summer; and if certain of those residing in and about it were not appreciating it to the full the fault was theirs, not that of the weather.

The sun shone bravely down. And it cannot but assist the readers of this chronicle if, in pursuance of his tested policy of pausing from time to time to offer a bird's-eye view of affairs to his patrons, the historian gives here a brief list of the more interesting objects on which it shone.

We may omit the Vicomte de Blissac, that modern hermit, still languishing in his cell. We need not mention Mr. Soup Slattery, confined to his room with a slight cold in the head. But the movements of the rest of our little group deserve each their brief notice.

In a clearing of the shrubbery down by the lake, Gum-Shoe Gertie (alias Medway) was listening with considerable pleasure to the compliments of Blair Eggleston — compliments which never fell below a certain high level because the speaker was uncomfortably aware that his employer, Senator Ambrose Opal, was hiding in a bush close by, drinking in every word. It had always been the senator's belief that subordinates worked better under careful personal supervision.

GORDON CARLISLE had gone for a country walk. This was not because he was fond of exercise, but because he hoped that the wearying of the body might a little ease the torment of the spirit. Jealousy was gnawing grievously at Mr. Carlisle's soul.

Jane Opal was in her room, writing letters. Packy had argued against this course, but it seemed that there had arrived in Jane's life that moment, which comes to all women, when her correspondence could wait no longer.

Packy, accordingly, had wandered off to the terrace, and was employing this period of solitude in an effort to work out some plan by means of which Mrs. Gedge, when she arrived, could be induced to vacate the Venetian suite and hand it over to Mr. Gedge. On this, he perceived, turned the whole success of his venture.

Miss Putnam was in the library, doing a cross-word puzzle.

The cook was in the kitchen, baking a pie for her betrothed, a likable young man of the name of Octave, one of that agile corps of *gendarmes* who had chased Soup Slattery on the night of the festival. He was waiting for it in the bushes outside the kitchen door.

Mr. Gedge was down at the dock. He had gone there to meet Mrs. Gedge.

And Mrs. Gedge, standing on the

deck of the steam packet Antelope, was chatting with a fellow passenger whose acquaintance she had made on the voyage.

The steam packet Antelope slid cautiously towards its moorings. The process, as always, involved a great deal of tooting and shouting and ringing of bells, and Mr. Gedge, making himself as inconspicuous as possible in the little group on the dock, found it intolerably slow. Every minute spent out in the open like this was anguish to Mr. Gedge. Already he had seen two gendarmes, and there were probably dozens more lurking round the corner. At any moment he expected to hear cries of "*Scélérat!*" and "*Assassin!*" and to find the whole strength of the force piling themselves on his neck.

He mused bitterly on this jam into which Fate had thrust him. Simply because he had taken a few drinks, just as any red-blooded man would have done on an occasion like that of the Festival of the Saint, here he was with murder on his soul, cowering from the police. Why should this have had to happen to him, of all people? There had been scores of revelers at the festival every whit as pickled as he, but they had not gone about destroying vicomtes. That hideous feat had been reserved for him, J. W. Gedge, and it seemed to him unfair discrimination.

THE rattle of the descending gangplank came to him like music. Returning wanderers stepped down it, to be greeted by their loved ones. Presently Mrs. Gedge appeared. She was talking over her shoulder to a girl, and so remarkable was this girl's loveliness that Mr. Gedge momentarily forgot his troubles and unconsciously straightened his tie. Well-trained husband though he was, he had still an eye for beauty.

The crossing had evidently been a smooth one. Mrs. Gedge, who tended on occasions like this to look green and give at the knees, seemed to be in excellent shape. She walked composedly, kissed Mr. Gedge composedly, and introduced him to her companion:

"Lady Beatrice Bracken. My husband."

NOW that the girl had come closer, Mr. Gedge was able to see that, though beautiful, she was not altogether the sort of girl he would have cared to be left alone with for long. There was that about her which would have rendered any male uneasy. In her lustrous eyes he observed a look which he had sometimes detected in those of his wife — the look that spells trouble. If she had come to St. Rocque to meet some member of his own sex, he did not envy that member.

"Lady Beatrice has been so kind to me, Wellington. She lent me her smelling salts, and they made all the difference."

Mr. Gedge murmured appreciatively with one eye on a gendarme who had strolled up and was twisting a mustache in what seemed to him a sinister way. The unpleasantness of the spectacle diverted his attention and caused him to miss his companions' next few remarks. When he forced himself to listen once more, the girl was talking about hotels.

"I wonder," she was saying, "if you could tell me which are the principal hotels in this place?"

Mrs. Gedge said that the *Hôtel des Étrangers* was where everyone went.

"They will make you very comfortable. We stayed there for a few days while the château was being got ready. We have rented the *Château Blissac* for the summer. It is a large house up the hill, belonging to the Vicomtesse

de Blissac. Perhaps you have met her?"

"No. I know her son. Slightly."

"Really? He is visiting us now. Won't you come and lunch tomorrow? I'm sure he would be delighted to meet you again. Whatever is the matter, Wellington?"

Mrs. Gedge regarded her husband with that rather school-teacherine air of censure which his behavior so frequently evoked in her. His sudden gasp had startled her a good deal.

"I'm all right," mumbled Mr. Gedge. "Touch of cramp."

He stood awaiting the doom. Next moment, this girl would be accepting the invitation. Next day, she would come to the château. And immediately on her arrival she would meet Packy and fail to recognize in him the *Vicomte de Blissac*, whom she knew slightly but presumably well enough to cause her to accept no substitutes. Oh, felt Mr. Gedge, as the poet had done before him, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.

THEN her voice came to his ears, uttering a life-restoring refusal:

"It's awfully kind of you, but I expect to be catching the night boat back to England."

"You are returning tonight?" It was Mrs. Gedge's turn to be taken aback. "So soon?"

"Yes. I simply came over to . . . There is a friend of mine staying in St. Rocque. . . . When I asked you about hotels, I was just wondering where I would be likely to find . . . We shall probably go back on the night boat together. I see my porter has got me a cab. Good-by. It has been so nice meeting you."

"Can't we drop you at the hotel in the car?"

"No, thank you. Good-by."

Mrs. Gedge looked after her with the dissatisfied air of a woman from whom confidences have been withheld.

"The English are so reticent," she said discontentedly. "Perfect clams."

They started to walk off the dock, Mr. Gedge a little like Daniel threading his way through the den of lions. So far, the constabulary had been inert. But you never knew. They might just be biding their time. He was not going to feel entirely at his ease till he was safe inside the car with the chauffeur stepping on the accelerator.

"Just clams," said Mrs. Gedge, settling herself against the cushions and resuming her remarks on the Island Race. "Considering how friendly we became on the boat, you would have thought she would have told me all about it."

"About what?"

The car was making good progress and Mr. Gedge had begun to feel a little better.

"Well, I'm only guessing, of course, but here is what I think must have happened: Lady Beatrice is engaged to an American boy named Franklyn. . . . What is the matter with you today, Wellington?"

"Matter?"

"Why are you puffing like that?"

"Deep breathing," whispered Mr. Gedge. "Good for you. Did you say Franklyn?"

"Yes. It was in all the

(Continued on page 48)



Illustrated by
Floyd M.
Davis

"I should like to hear your name. Or at least one of your aliases"

Gangsters get Tired

Humpty Jackson used to be a gangster; now he runs a pet shop and nurses sick canary birds. You might think he was reformed, but he's not. He just got tired. Ask him

By Walter Davenport

MISTER," said Mr. Jackson with a discouraged shake of his head, "if you was to sell the things you don't know at, say, a dollar and a quarter a ton, you would be so rich you wouldn't be sitting there smoking that pipe. Listen. Get this. A guy don't reform; he just gets tired. "Listen. Herbert Spencer says— Oh, hell, a customer."

The door of Mr. Jackson's pet shop was flung open by a little girl carrying a bird cage. In the cage was a very dejected canary.

"He's got something," she told Mr. Jackson with a lisp.

With one dexterous sweep of his right hand, Mr. Jackson produced match and cigarette from an inside pocket, lit the cigarette and extracted the unresisting bird from its cage. All in one motion.

"Take this here bird," went on Mr. Jackson, pointing the gloomy creature at me. "There ain't anything much the matter with it that oughtn't to be the matter. This bird's getting old. Middle-aged anyway. Kind of tired of singing the same old song. Kind of tired bobbing up and down. Kind of licked. What this here bird wants is to be let alone. See? Listen, you keep track of what I'm saying and I'll explain everything in a minute. Between talking and waiting on customers, I'm apt to forget where I am."

Herbert Spencer and Sick Canaries

Mr. Jackson inspected the bird from several angles, holding it up to the light like a lapidary with a diamond. He restored it to its cage, returned it to the child and gave her a bottle of tonic with minute directions how to fool the bird into taking it. She gave him ten cents which he regarded mournfully for a moment and then dropped into his pocket. Then hastily, as if on second thought, he retrieved the dime and threw it into the cash box.

"The boss," he explained, lowering his voice and nodding toward a partition behind which Mrs. Jackson was arguing firmly with the supply man over the unwarranted price of chickweed, cuttle bone and other canary-bird accessories, "is very particular about that. Where were we?"

"Herbert Spencer and worn-out canary birds," I prompted. "Also about how a guy doesn't reform."

My host, celebrated twenty years ago as Humpty Jackson, the most courageous, resourceful and persistent gangster in New York, about whose career and personality a dozen plays have been written, to say nothing of movie scenarios, was about to resume his philosophizing when a demoralizing realization struck him. The little girl had given him ten cents; and that tonic cost twenty-five. Bitterly he dug his hand into his pocket, produced fifteen cents and gave it to the cash box.

"D'ye see?" he mourned.

"And they try to say I was a business man. What a sap I'd be, following my old graft against these big-business punks today. But I didn't reform and nobody reformed me. I just quit. When I got out of Sing Sing in 1912, having done twenty years all told—three now and five then and four later on and so forth—I had just brains enough to know I was tired.

"Like that canary, I was tired playing around. Listen, when a guy's thirty-five or forty he's lost something. He ain't got the old wallop. The old legs ain't what they used to be and he don't cry his eyes out when it's time to go to bed. I ain't talking about guys who never been anywhere or seen anything; I'm talking of guys who've lived—lived like hell. No, mister, when you get along about that time you begin to think that sitting down ain't a punishment and that something ought to be done about law and order. I seen some awful tough boys come out in favor of it along about their fortieth birthday.

"Somehow, about that time, a guy don't get the old kick out of knocking off a truck of goods or beating up a bunch of guys who want to vote against Tammany Hall, which was one of my well-known specialties. But nobody can say I reformed or was reformed by anybody. Criminals don't reform and reformers are generally racketeers. Listen, Herbert Spencer says that the only thing we get out of trying to protect guys from their folly is a world full of fools. I met him in jail."

"Who?"

"Herbert Spencer. Him and Huxley, Darwin, Paine, Rousseau, Spinoza and a bunch of

Humpty Jackson, ex-gangster, ex-convict, philosopher and pet-shop operator



them. I still read them. Oh, hell, another customer."

This time it was a woman who wanted to know what to do about a canary that wouldn't sing.

"Nothing except write him off your income tax, lady," said Mr. Jackson. "Where did you buy him?"

"Lady, You're Outa Luck"

She told him, adding that she had kept the bird a month and hadn't been repaid with so much as a peep.

"And you ain't going to be either," said Mr. Jackson. "Lady, if you bring a bird home and he don't sing in three days, he ain't going to sing. These people who stuck this bird on you guaranteed him to sing, didn't they? Sure. Said to bring it back if it didn't sing in a month, didn't they? Sure. And what do you get? Another bird. And after you keep him thirty days and he don't sing, what do you do? You take him back and get another bird, don't you? Listen, lady, you can keep dragging birds back till you bust your arches. You're out your dough and they're selling the birds you bring back as fast as you wheel them in.

"Don't tell me," said Mr. Jackson, warming up to his subject. "I remember before getting into the canary-bird business, buying a bird from a guy who said the only thing that bird couldn't sing was Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. I kept it two months and it didn't open its trap. When I took it back and after wrapping it around this guy's neck I said—Okay, lady—"

The lady had fled and Thomas Francis Jackson—Humpty—the boldest ballot-box thief and stuffer and the most resolute Republican-slagger that ever worked for Tammany Hall, hero of a hundred and fifty arrests, who carried his gun in his hat, returned to his philosophy.

"I ain't ashamed of my criminal record," he said. "Of course, some of the rescue boys and the reformers say I ought to be. But I ain't. I was better at my racket than most of them

(Continued on page 38)

Keystone



Born to Sing

By Alice Nielsen

Photos by Brown Bros.

At the height of her career Alice Nielsen remained as mischievous as when she sang for pennies on the streets of Kansas City. Her triumphs in grand opera were stupendous, but at heart she remained an impudent child. Here's fame as she saw it

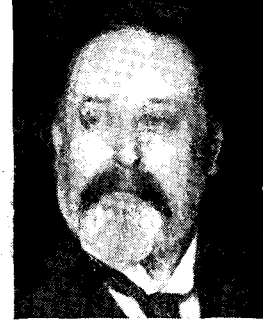
LONDON conceded the beauty of Victor Herbert's *The Fortune Teller*. The British newspapers were almost enthusiastic about our singing. They agreed that Joe Cawthorn's humor was spontaneous and hilarious, that Eugene Cowles was a superb basso and that I was pleasing to the eye and ear. But *The Fortune Teller* lasted only three months, which, when you consider that it was a national furor in America and that audiences were less petulant and sophisticated in 1901, was a flop.

Today a three months' run connotes success if not a slam-bang hit; but not then. Thirty years ago a musical comedy or light opera survived or perished chiefly on its music. Much more was left to the audience's imagination. Sex was taken for granted; people went to the theater for other sorts of amusement. If you could sing well

enough and your composer had written "whistleable" tunes (there was much more whistling in those shiny days), your legs could be of any formation nature had decided upon for you—from Duncan Phyfeor Chippendale to honest Ionic—and nobody need be the wiser, because even an actress was permitted, early in the century, to wear full-blown skirts. Of course, if you had exhibition legs it was quite all right. But you probably get the picture.

The point is that a mere three months for an all-star company in a Victor Herbert production was a cave-in. Just why we fell short of sustained acclamation is too debatable for discussion here; but the signs were clear in the first reviews the critics gave us. I asked one of these gentlemen to explain his coolness.

"The whole thing's too infernally noisy," he said. "Couldn't you, now, bawl it a little less—let's say muscularly, now and then? Ease off with the brasses, I mean. Stop trying to be heard back in the States. After all, dear Miss Nielsen, the piece is being given in the



Gabriele d'Annunzio, Eleonora Duse and King Edward VII of England

Shaftesbury Theater, not on Salisbury Plain, you know."

This being my first time in London, my first appearance outside the United States with the exception of a few nights in Canada, I had no ready answer for the man. Presently, however, I ventured the fact that *The Fortune Teller* had been an electrical riot in America, where, I added, it had been sung just as robustly.

"Oh, quite all right for the States, I fancy," he replied. "But everybody roars everything there, they tell me, and one has to sing and play furiously to be heard at all."

But when the end came and the rest of the company packed their bags and boxes for the return to America, I found that my old talent for making friends had been hard at work. Two important ladies had heard me sing, had invited me to their homes to entertain them and their guests and had listened to my simple story of ambition. One was a woman who was to grow so fond of me as to want to adopt me—Consuelo Yznaga, Duchess of Manchester, the Cuban-American who enjoyed the distinction of having been the only woman in England of whom Queen Victoria was afraid. She, like so many men I met, seemed determined that I should quit the stage and settle down to something or other.

"One would think," I cried, "that I had no voice, that I could not sing, the way you urge me to retire before I am nearly thirty."

The other woman was Mrs. Lionel Phillips, whose husband had made himself fabulously rich in South Africa with

Cecil Rhodes. She did not want to adopt me, but, proud of her celebrity as the patroness of so many young artists, she took me to Henry Russell, then the foremost voice coach and diva-maker in London, and, placing five thousand pounds in his narrow, tapering hands, commissioned him to prepare me for grand opera. Mr. Russell, who was later to steer me into Covent Garden, fetch me back to America in his own opera company—the San Carlos—and finally organize the Boston Opera, tucked the five thousand pounds into his pocket and took me to Italy.

I have often wondered whether any of those little boys whose aspiration it was one day to be policemen ever achieved their ambition. And whether, having realized their dream, they were good policemen. Or whether the achievement came as a great surprise. Perhaps they in their moment of realization were, as I was, entirely too englamored for lasting impressions. Those early days of training in Rome, Naples and Florence were dazzling and wholly bewildering. Today, when I look back at them, they are still kaleidoscopic, formless, crashing one upon another. But great incidents and experiences stand out clearly, sharply, beautifully.

An Old Italian Custom

There was my début in grand opera in the Bellini Theater in Naples. I sang *Violetta Valery* in *La Traviata*. Nervous? Not at all. Excited? Well, all but out of control. Such was my emotional state that I was wholly incapable of understanding until afterward that the mounds of flowers tossed upon the stage after such noble arias as *Pura siccome un angelo* and the famous duets with the tenor (how that man wheezed!) were purchased unwillingly by the chorus—an old Italian custom which visited the enduring hatred of all choruses upon all new prima donnas. But worse, how was I to know that my failure to pay fifty lire to the newspaper critics should cause them to forgo their into a compact huddle at the final curtain and hiss in horrible unison? I had a conference with the journalists later and, although I resisted their demand that I retain them for my personal claue, I gave them a dinner which, as I recall it, was featured by magnum after magnum of red wine and several wagonloads, apparently, of salami. But there was nothing a new diva could do about the flowers extorted by the management from the chorus. The chorus always hated the prima donna and that was all there could be to it. It was a tradition. It was part of one's test to survive the chorus' dislike.

Beginning All Over Again

When I was leaving the Bellini that night, not quite certain whether I had triumphed or defaulted, two women and a man stopped me. The man, in beautiful Middle-Western English, demanded information. Was I the Nielsen child who used to sing on the streets of Kansas City, or was his wife wrong as usual?

"I am Alice Nielsen of Kansas City, yes," I replied.

"Well I'll be darned," he said. "Do you remember me, or my wife here?"

"No—I'm afraid I don't."

"Well," he said, "anyway we threw you a dime one afternoon for singing Annie Laurie, although I didn't think you'd remember."

And then it struck me. That night I did not sleep. It was not because the



Above, the picture of Alice Nielsen mistakenly published in Seville, in 1906, as that of Victoria Eugénie, bride of Alphonso XIII.

Below, Lillian Nordica

excitement of my debut in grand opera was still raging. Nor was it because I had sung well—so well that the great Enrico Bevilacqua, the conductor who was famous at La Scala, in Covent Garden, in St. Petersburg, in New York, had kissed me and proclaimed me another Bellini, the greatest of all Italian Violettas. It was because my eyes suddenly pierced the dazzle and, beyond, I saw the street singer of Kansas City, the Nielsen child who sang to the butcher, the baker, the doctor and old Mel Hudson—who had stood barefoot on street corners, thankful for pennies tossed by passers-by.

The Gossips Are Busy

For the first time in my life I felt something akin to humility. Instead of glorying in a new success, I was realizing that I was merely beginning all over again. Instead of considering myself a new artist, I happily remembered that there was but one artist in Italy at that moment, and that before I took on airs I should go to her, observe her, study her and hope that she would let me stay near her. She was not a singer and yet her voice was lovely music. Her name was Eleonora Duse.

A shock was in store for me. Try as I might, I could not meet her in the conventional way. I managed to have myself invited to houses where she too was invited. She was never there when I was. And presently one of the most popular hostesses in Rome took me aside and explained.

"You know Gabriele d'Annunzio, don't you?" she said.

"No," I replied. "I have never seen him."

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that you haven't heard the gossip?"

"What gossip?"

"That you and d'Annunzio are friends. That you are the new woman."

"What nonsense," I protested. "I wouldn't know the man if I saw him."

"At any rate," she said, "that's the story. I know it isn't so. The woman whom Duse hates is a Russian. But you have been talked of a great deal and Duse is certain it is you. She will not therefore meet you."

At that time Duse was living at Porto d'Anzio on the coast, thirty miles from Rome. D'Annunzio too was there. The thing for me to do was to go to her and to him and make her understand—in his presence. But she would not admit me. Her servant said coldly that the Signora was not at home to me. Also that the Signora was about to take the train for Rome.

Duse Is Won

I saw Duse get on the train. I gave the conductor twenty lire, telling him that I must go to her compartment, and the man led me there, bowing thanks. Duse was sitting in a corner, her eyes closed, her hands—the hands that her poet-lover had immortalized—flat on her thighs. Apparently she had not heard me enter. And then she awoke with a start, demanding to know why I had intruded and who I was.

"I am an American," I said. "I have come to Italy to learn the operas. My name is Nielsen."

She understood my atrocious Italian. Never on any stage had she shown such passion as when she rose and ordered me to go.

"Even if I do not achieve your friendship," I said, "I shall not go until I tell you that I am not the woman whom you suspect."

"You are worse than unwelcome," she cried. "You are impudent. Why should you assume that Duse would fear you or be commonly jealous of you?"

"I may be making a great mistake, signora," I said. "However, I want you

to know that I do not know d'Annunzio and never saw the man."

"Of course you lie," she said. "But your impudence amuses me. After all, what does it matter whether you lie or not? Every woman does—and every man. You must be very much moved, however, to burst in on me like this."

Whereat I told her that my reason for intruding was to talk to her, to try to make her my friend, to study her great art. I told her frankly that any success I might achieve would be delayed, perhaps for years, unless she was willing to let me be near her. And then she softened. I am not a very adroit person and was less so then. Perhaps she recognized my simple directness, my naïveté, my sincerity. Perhaps she was flattered by my obvious idolatry. Whatever it was, she melted. Before we had reached Rome she had vowed that she would teach me Italian, that she would arrange that I should travel with her through Italy and even that I should stay with her—and d'Annunzio—in Rome, where at the time I was singing. Her change of attitude toward me was as swift as, before, her dislike for me had been violent. There was no way of predicting her moods. In no time she had presented me to the man of whom, a little while ago, she had been madly, unreasonably jealous. Inspired he may have been, a genius perhaps, yet I could not understand her unearthly love for him. My personal inclination was to slap him; and I wonder just why I didn't. To me he was a good bit of a cad and a rather shallow flirt.

With Russell I went to the Borghese Palace in Rome where they lived, and after dinner d'Annunzio and I followed Russell and Duse into the garden. It was a night made for sentimental reflections and observations—no doubt of that; but I was hardly prepared to have the great d'Annunzio put his arm around me as we went down the stone steps and ask me in curious English whether I had ever loved.

"Loved?" I laughed. "Good Lord, man, I've never been out of love. Why?"

"But I should teach you such love as you have never so much as guessed," he assured me.

"The sort I am familiar with has caused me all the trouble I have any use for," I replied. "It is another kind of education that I crave. Outside of that, please don't be an ass."

He liked me even less when I repeated the incident to Duse, who hastened to assure me that I had done wrong in speaking thus to "the master." What a pair they were! Presently I was to be convinced that Duse was something of a masochist; the woman seemed to enjoy being tortured by him. To my American mind he was nothing more than an exceptionally gifted

sophomore whose poses were always conscious and carefully rehearsed. But she, poor thing, accepted each cruelty as a mark of the master's genius.

The Ways of Genius

She, he would protest, was his inspiration. Therefore it was necessary, when he was moved to write, that she go to his rooms and throw herself upon a narrow divan and lie there rigid while he filled page after page with phrases. And all this time (it sometimes was three hours) she dared not move a hair's breadth, no matter how great her agony might be. There she lay, cramped, aching, not daring to move one of her beautiful fingers or open her mouth. If she did, he would scream that she had broken the spell, that everything was ruined. Then he would sweep all that he had written off the table and rush at her, threatening to strike her. After these absurd exhibitions I frequently massaged her paralyzed arms and legs back to life.

And one night in Florence, while the

three of us were dining, he held forth about women—he was always doing that anyway. Let me see—how did it go? Oh, yes—that no girl should remain a virgin after sixteen.

"Aren't you talking shop?" I inquired.

Duse frowned—and cringed a little, I thought. But d'Annunzio ignored me and went on to say that all women should be chloroformed at forty.

"But, master," I asked, "what would the world have done without you?"

This was too much for Duse. D'Annunzio's mother was more than forty when he was born. Duse arose, stamped her foot and bade me keep my tongue.

"You are impudent," she cried. "You may listen to but not mock the master's thoughts."

Nevertheless, she insisted that I come with her to her Villa Vignol at Porto d'Anzio. And there, one morning, she aroused me before dawn.

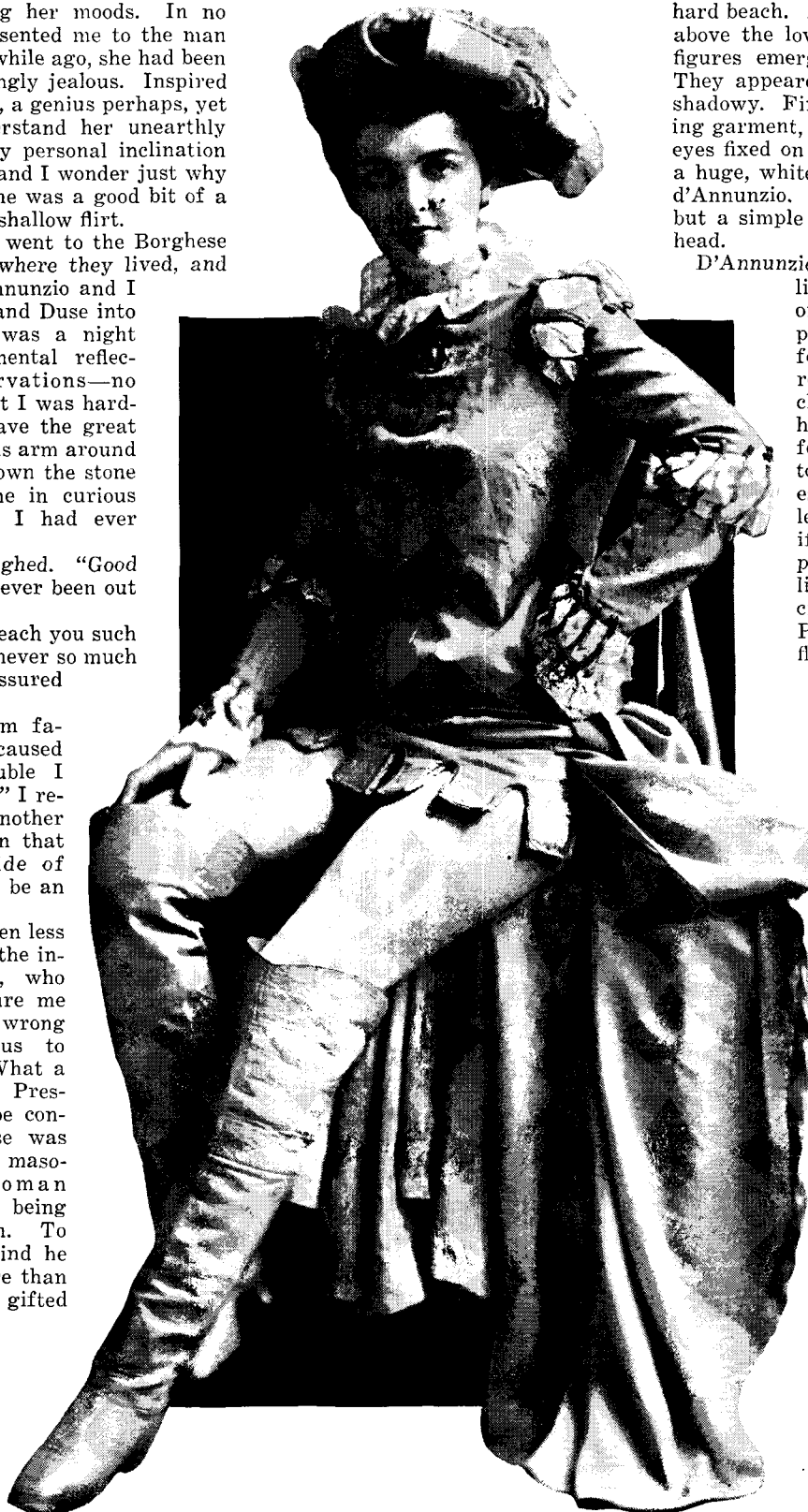
"Get dressed," she whispered. "Go down to the shore and you shall behold."

I beheld. I wrapped myself in a warm cloak and picked out a comfortable sand dune well down toward the water and just overlooking the broad, hard beach. And just as the sun nipped above the low, blunt hills I saw three figures emerge from the early dawn. They appeared far up the dunes, very shadowy. First Duse, in a single, sweeping garment, her head thrown back, her eyes fixed on the sea. She was leading a huge, white horse on which sat little d'Annunzio. The horse carried no saddle but a simple bridle was fastened to its head.

D'Annunzio, looking smaller and a

little more absurd than ever on his mighty charger, sat pompously erect, his arms folded on his chest, his head reared. He wore a great cloak or cape that covered him from his nose to his feet. Gradually the group took shape and in slow majesty they passed me, Duse leading the great animal as if in a trance. As they passed I saw d'Annunzio's lips move and heard him reciting his newest verses. Presently they were on the flat beach—a wide plateau of silver sand. And there Duse released the horse's bridle and fell to her knees. D'Annunzio with a tremendous flourish, with the swaggering gesture of a great cavalier, flung his cloak from him, leaving him naked.

Then, with the flat of his hand, he smote the horse and the Ride of the Rising Sun began. Furiously he galloped up and down the strand, losing himself in the soft gloom of the dawn and then emerging—his arms still folded on his chest, his voice rising higher and higher as he chanted his lines. Presently the dawn was whole, the sun was full and soft in the morning heavens. And Duse arose as the horse sped toward her. She handed the rider his robe, which he threw around himself with a great, round flourish. She took the bridle and led the horse and her master up the dunes in the same measured tread.



Alice Nielsen as Drogan in Genevieve de Brabant

It was wonderful. But a horrid sacrilegious thought darted through my mind: "Suppose Joe Cawthorn had seen this. What a riot he would make of it in his next show! And, of course, I giggled. Thank God, they didn't hear me. I was not artist enough to catch the symbolism of it all—whatever it was. All that I knew was that I adored Duse and loathed d'Annunzio because he was unbelievably cruel to her—as cruel as though he were a truck driver and she a paramour of whom he had tired. And there were other things I could not understand. She always ate enormously, and even more so after one of her terrible spells of weeping for his barbarities. She explained her grief-given appetite: "That I may have the strength, piccola (little one), to bear it."

"But how can you love a man who is so cruel?" I protested.

"You would not understand, perhaps," she replied. "Above all else I see his genius."

"But your own—your own genius, Eleonora?" I insisted.

"I love you, piccola, for that. You are simplicity. You are yourself—real. You tell the truth. And you amuse me."

With her I traveled through Italy, alternating nights with her. For example, one night she would play Camille and the next I would sing the same story, Traviata. On this tour I met her first love—the man she had given up for d'Annunzio—the composer, Arrigo Boito, who wrote the opera Mefistofele. The man still adored her and would have then taken her back; but after her final break with d'Annunzio—after d'Annunzio had betrayed her once too often—he had his revenge; he refused to receive her.

Patti Enthroned

With Boito, whose Mefistofele had not been a success and who, therefore, refused to have his second opera, Nerone, presented while he lived, I went with Duse to visit the great Adelina Patti, who, they assured me, was an extraordinarily stingy woman and otherwise curious; but that under no circumstances was I to laugh or offer any typical American comment at the villa. Alas, over the gate of Patti's villa there was the legend, "Never Give Up"—in Italian, of course—and instantly her lack of spendthrift heart popped into my mind. But I could not make Duse and Boito understand why I was laughing.

Patti, more than sixty then and looking older, was holding one of her odd receptions. We were ushered into a room where we stood facing a curtain. Presently there was music and a troupe of little girls came in singing and strewing the place with flowers. Then the curtain was snatched aside and there sat Patti—tiny, wizened, waspish and looking more like a porcelain figurine than a real woman. She sat on a throne, and one approached on steps and kissed her hand, a tiny, blue-veined claw burdened with great diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. I did not go up. I did not have the courage. I was afraid I would laugh.

I'm afraid I lacked reverence. Or perhaps it was simple ignorance. Precedent meant nothing whatever to me. I hate to think of what Patti's rage might have been had she heard me, some months later, after I had returned to England to sing in Covent Garden, sing Arditi's song, Il Bacio, in the Rothschild house in Seymour Place. The song had been written for Patti, who had sung it first at the Rothschilds'. Thereafter it was the unwritten law that none but Patti should sing it there. But how was I to know that? Landon Ronald, brother of Henry Russell, was at the piano and when he asked me what I would sing for an encore I said, "Il Bacio."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the native courts of New Guinea, a judge determines guilt or innocence by the arrested man's reaction to the Court's accusation. If he just laughs and jollies the judge, he is set free. No guilty man could possibly do such a thing.

Japan has no set day of worship, and the majority of the shops—of which there is one for every four families—only close their doors for festivals and on the 1st and 15th of the month.—By George Wooten, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Motor car accidents in and around London have become so frequent that, at one point on the London-Southend Road, the city has been obliged to establish an ambulance station. An average of one serious accident has occurred there every day during the past year.

As typewriters usually develop their own writing characteristics, it is not difficult to determine whether or not a certain machine produced a certain letter, record or manuscript.—By Edith Wolfe, New York City.

The International Coöperative Alliance, which is fostering the coöperative-buying movement throughout the world, now has a membership of 90,000 societies in 41 countries, representing 70,000,000 consumers who spend more than \$15,500,000 annually.

The fattest man in history, as far as known, is living today in Los Angeles. He is 23 years old, six feet one inch in height and weighs 787 pounds—an avoirdupois exceeding that of five average-sized men.



Turkish newspapers are now forbidden by law to publish suicide news.—By Morris Lituni, Washington, Michigan.

Of the many Passion plays presented through the world, one of the most realistic is staged each Easter on Hiva Oa Island in the southern Pacific. The actors—in the scene showing Christ healing the lepers—are real lepers.

The Amana Society in Iowa, the most successful communistic community in the United States, recently gave up its fight for total independence after 47 years. Its younger generation wanted electricity, radios, motor cars and other luxuries of capitalism.—By Alfred Swasey, Albany, New York.

In Korea, all women's clothing is pasted at the seams, not sewed; in Russia and Finland, women form part of the standing army; and in Burma, houses are only one story high because a Burmese must never be subjected to the indignity of having feet over his head.

One of London's oldest ceremonies is the searching of the vaults of Westminster Palace for high explosives on the opening of Parliament. It has been done annually—by the Yeomen of the Guards in the same fancy costume—since the famous Gunpowder Plot 327 years ago.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by positive proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City

"Not unless it's by accident," I agreed. "I don't know what she did."

"Well, you know Nellie Melba," said Manchester. "She marched in and, as usual, removed her pearls from her neck and laid them on the piano. The King began to speak while she was singing and she stopped dead in the middle of a phrase. He went right on talking, so Melba snatched up her pearls and marched right out again."

"Madame," I replied, "I have no pearls."

It was quite an evening. My accompanist was no less than Paolo Tosti, who played his famous Farewell for me. For a few bars the King was silent. And then his harsh German gutturals were heard. He had turned to his companion and was telling her of something that had happened a few days back. If the man had to talk, he could not have selected a better moment for me. I was just about to sing—"Hush, a voice from the far-away"—and the chance was huge and golden.

"Hu-u-u-sssssh-h-h," I sang, holding the note and looking straight at His Majesty. Tosti, his hands limp at his side, was staring at me half amused, half startled. The Duchess of Manchester and several other women seemed to go rigid. And suddenly Edward stopped speaking. I continued the song and he did not open his mouth until I had ended.

And then he came to me, took my hand and laughed.

"Please sing it again," he asked. "I will show you that I can be polite."

Of course I did. And he kept quiet.

No Applause

The next time I sang in his presence was at the home of Mrs. Lionel Phillips. We who entertained were Nordica, Fritz Kreisler, Alessandro Bonci and myself. Nordica had finished Brünnehilde's battle cry—the glorious Ride of the Valkyries, and I, if I can depend on my memory, was singing an aria from Don Pasquale.

Suddenly the King's head fell forward, a heavy shudder shook his shoulders and he slumped out of his chair to the floor. They picked him up. It wasn't a pretty sight. His face was purple, his mouth agape and slobbering, his soft bulk inert. I continued singing until the end of the aria and the concert went on while doctors struggled with His Majesty in a bedroom above our heads. He died six months later.

So I was seeing great places and meeting the famous. I too was becoming famous. I had come to the place where Hans Richter was pleased to direct me, where the incomparable Enrico Caruso insisted that I open the Covent Garden season with him in La Bohème. I made many friends and some enemies, and all so swiftly and easily.

If you are interested in those who did not love me, I might name the talented Mrs. Pat Campbell. I met her at a supper given to me by Lawrence Irving, son of the great Sir Henry. Lawrence Irving and I were engaged to be married at the time. Nothing came of that but, after all, the story is about Mrs. Pat Campbell. She was at the dinner, and after I had sung several arias at her request I asked her to recite.

"My dear young woman," she drawled, "perhaps you don't know that when I recite I receive sixty guineas."

She was playing Pelléas and Mélisande and I asked Lawrence to take me to see her. The house was less than a quarter full.

"Come backstage," urged Lawrence. "She's really quite decent when you know her."

"No," I said. "But you go—and take her a message from me. Just ask her

(Continued on page 37)

He Needed a Model

Continued from page 8

repulse the creature and cast her from him.

Mac, however, was not exactly casting her from him. He was radiant. He was holding both her hands in his. He gazed down into her upturned face and plied her with happy questions. A few of the happy questions drifted to Jean's ears— "When can I see you, Lita—alone? Not this evening, Lita—I have an engagement. But later tonight, perhaps, after I'm free. I'll phone you. It may be very late. You won't mind?"

No, Lita wouldn't mind. Lita would be charmed. Come to my apartment, darling—no matter how late. Good-by, darling! Good-by, darling! Another flash of perfume and bangles, and she was gone.

Jean resumed her promenade, wholly unaware of what she was about. After a few minutes, she fled to the stockroom. She rushed in between two racks of coats, to hide as far from everyone as possible—and found herself face to face with Mac, who was whistling blithely as he surveyed his stock.

"Jean!" He was all solicitude as he caught sight of her. "You look as though you'd seen a couple of ghosts—what is it?"

"Nothing, Mac." She backed away from him. "A customer, that's all. Some day I'm going to kill one of them."

MAC put a heavy coat around her shoulders and made her sit down. "I know, Jean." He rolled up a canvas cover and put it behind her head for a cushion. "But I wish you wouldn't let them give you the jitters—today. It won't be much longer now—only two hours and twenty-five minutes—and then we'll be far away from here."

Her eyes caught his. So he'd kept track of the time to the very minute. All the Argentine dancers in the world couldn't take that fact away from her. He'd actually counted the minutes just as she had.

"Get away from me," she said. "Don't be kind to me. You know what a silly idiot I am when you're kind to me. You wouldn't want me to spoil my face, would you? Oh, get out!"

At seven o'clock, when she met him in the lobby of her third-rate hotel that smelled of stale carpet, there was no trace of the scene in the stockroom about her. She was beautiful and she was gracious. But it was clear that she was having dinner with a man who didn't really matter.

He took her to a place that was absurdly expensive, where the music was soft and far away, and they talked of industrial problems in Czechoslovakia as though their lives depended upon it. Then they danced and didn't talk at all. And, considering that he was a man who couldn't matter to her in the slightest, Jean was shocked to discover that they danced as though they were part of each other. It didn't seem logical or right.

"I hope," he said, out of their silence, "that you're having somewhere near as good a time as I am." He turned his head toward her and his face was very close to her own. "I had the notion that if we could just be alone together like this—it would be the beginning of something quite wonderful—for me, at any rate." He didn't make the mistake of drawing her closer to him. He held her, if anything, more lightly than before.

But his words came slipping over her like a veil that shut out everyone else in the world and left her face to face with him. And his eyes, at frank close range with hers, stirred her as though she had been caressed.

"I had the same notion," she said. "And whether I should be or not, I'm happier this minute than I've ever been."

From that point on, the evening mounted to dizzy heights. There was only one fly in Jean's ointment, and that fly was Jeff Bolton, who came in late with a troupe of friends and drank a great many highballs and sat and stared at Jean.

"WHAT'S the matter?" asked Mac as he saw annoyance in her eyes.

"Nothing," said Jean. "He's the one at the end of that big table over there."

Mac turned and took a look. "The knight-errant of the purple veins! But he's not a butter-and-egg man, my dear. He's a turfman. He's got polo ponies written all over him. But he can't ride any of them because of his blood pressure. And he's got an air of yachts about him, too. And a hunting box in

Jean drew squares on the tablecloth with a teaspoon and wondered what else Lolita was saying. "Come queeckly, darling, Lita is waiting." Soon, now, Lita would have him. Her slim fingers would trace the waves in his black caracul hair as she greeted him.

"What did you say, Jeff? Oh, yes, my pride. If I had more pride I'd be exhibiting myself at the head of your table instead of at Stein-Bergman's. Perhaps you're right. I don't know."

"Jean dearest, do you mean it? You'll marry me—you'll—"

"Have you ever seen Lolita dance, Jeff? Is she very beautiful? I suppose men can hardly be blamed for falling for her, can they? I suppose they—"

Jeff knocked over a glass of water in his impatience. "Must we discuss poor



"Mr. Van Rensaeller wishes to return Mrs. Van deVere's vase which he seems to have taken from her party last night"

Eldon Kelly

Scotland. And he winters in India. Jean," he turned to her anxiously, "can a job you despise, at thirty-five dollars a week, offset all that?"

"Thirty-five dollars a week," said Jean, "is luxury—compared to that."

"You're very sweet." With difficulty Mac refrained from reaching across the table to squeeze her hand. "This evening is a beginning after all, isn't it? I don't want to sound like a sophomore—but I'm sentimental over this place. I'd like never to come here with any other girl. Will you let me enjoy that little fidelity?"

Jean wondered afterward whether the word fidelity had suggested its opposite to him. At any rate, the fact remains that Mac fished his watch out of his pocket and glanced at it.

"You'll excuse me half a minute, won't you? I promised to make a phone call."

Jean's heart congealed. Dimly she saw him hasten away. Dimly she saw Jeff Bolton slip into his vacant chair. Faintly, as though from far away, she seemed to hear a slow Spanish accent, "How's my precious boy?" Then she heard Jeff Bolton insisting that he must see her—immediately—tomorrow.

"So," he said, "you're exhibiting yourself at Stein-Bergman's for two cents a week. I'm astounded at your lack of pride."

white trash, when I want to talk about you and me?"

"All right," said Jean with sudden attention, "let's have dinner together tomorrow night." She'd show what she thought of Mac's fidelities. "Let's have dinner—here. I'd love it."

So they did. Jean was very gay, until the waiter ushered them to the same table where she had sat with Mac the night before.

"Oh, no," she said, "we can't sit here. We can't possibly sit here." There was only one other table unoccupied. "Let's have that one."

THE waiter was very sorry, madame, but that table was reserved. And by a most distinguished customer whom they could not afford to disappoint.

Jean shrugged. It wasn't worth arguing. It just served her right for coming here. Mac wouldn't have been so mean and small as to have stooped to such petty retaliation. She was ashamed of herself for being here at all.

"This," said Jeff, "is a great improvement over last night."

Suddenly the dance music stopped short in the midst of a measure, and there was silence. Then, as everyone turned in surprise to wonder at the interruption, the orchestra started up again—a slow, insinuating, Argentine tango. There was a savage dignity

about that tango. It announced that something superb was about to happen. All eyes turned toward the entrance. There, framed in the low stucco arch, was a slender figure in shining velvet. There, clinging to the arm of a handsome young man, was Lolita. There, with his arm being clung to, was Mac.

Lolita trailed her way to the table reserved for her. She smiled gayly with a flash of white teeth, and bowed to the right and left as she swayed along. When she had reached her table, she paused for a moment before seating herself. Then, from the palms of both hands, she blew kisses to her public—vivid, helter-skelter kisses, from the lips of Lolita to the heart of all the world. It was quite charming.

Jeff grunted: "All she needs is a rose in her teeth. And the poor fish with her, where have I seen him before? He's—why look here, Jean, isn't that the man you were with last evening?" "Where? Who?" asked Jean. She had heard him perfectly, even above the pounding in her ears, but she needed a moment. "Why, so he is. Well, well, well, I declare. Isn't the world a small place?" Jeff had called Mac a poor fish. That just about described him. And she, Jean Harrington, was an even poorer fish.

"How have you met such people? You don't belong with a racket like that," said Jeff authoritatively. "My boat sails for India at noon tomorrow." He seized her hand across the table. "You're sailing with me. See the light, Jean, for heaven's sake."

"Precisely what I'm trying to see," said Jean. She didn't withdraw her hand from his. "Is it nice in India?"

"Darling!" Jeff appeared to be enjoying a stroke of apoplexy. "I'll phone for double passage. You have your old passport, haven't you? You'll marry me tonight."

NO MORE poverty, no more Stein-Bergman, no more customers. And no more poor fish. She sat very still and silent for a minute. Then she drew her fingers away from Jeff. "I can't, Jeff. I wish I could." Briefly she patted the back of his hand. "But I can't."

With difficulty Jeff managed to shrug his shoulders. "Cable me when you've come to your senses," he said. "And let's get out of this place. It's second-rate. I don't like it."

When Jean reached her dingy hotel room, she found her mother waiting for her eagerly. Mrs. Harrington hurried to the door at the first sound of her key in the latch. "Jeanie," she said, "you have something to tell me, haven't you?"

"No," said Jean. "What should I have to tell you?"

Her mother turned away from her and, with a gleam of understanding, Jean leaned back against the closed door. "I suppose you'd like to hear me say that I'd changed my mind and decided to sail with Jeff tomorrow."

Mrs. Harrington dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief of chartreuse chiffon. "You can't blame me for hoping, Jeanie. Naturally I'd like to see you taken care of. This," with a gesture to indicate the mean little room they shared, "is killing both of us."

Her mother was right. There was no sense in trying to go on like this. It simply couldn't be done. In a sudden flash it was clear as daylight to Jean that she was being an unmitigated idiot. Here she was, mooning over a man who worked her like a mule all day. Who patted her on the shoulder for her pains and took her in his stride, along with his other evening diversions. While she passed up Jeff, whose one desire was to buy the world and give it to her.

Mrs. Harrington prepared for bed, (Continued on page 32)

A 1932 DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

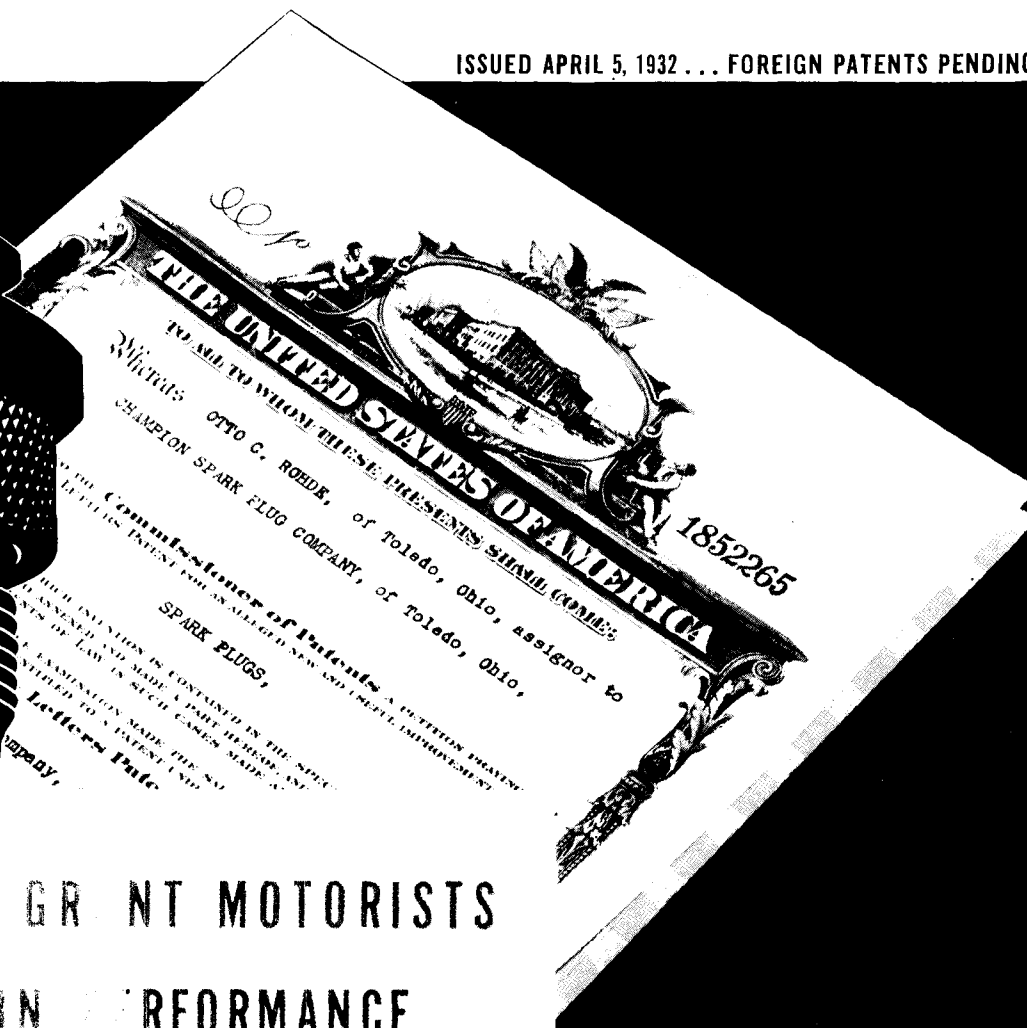


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He Needed a Model

Continued from page 30

too deeply immersed in woe to notice that Jean was scurrying through a bureau drawer in search of something. With a glance at her mother's back, Jean drew out what she had found. It was her passport. It had been viséed eight months ago, just before the family crash. It was still good. She slipped it into her pocketbook. And while her mother huddled in bed with her back turned to the light, Jean packed a suitcase with hands that were none too steady. The dress in which she had danced with Mac would do for the wedding supper, after the captain of the ship had married her to Jeff. Her old green negligee was grubby, but it was the best she had. And her yellow sports suit was a year old but it was still a Chanel original.

No sense in phoning Jeff tonight. Tomorrow morning was time enough. How he would bellow with joy.

Jean didn't fall asleep until after she had heard a clock somewhere strike three, and four, and five. Then all of a sudden it was eight o'clock and Jean sat bolt upright in a panic of fear that she'd be late for work. It took her a full minute to realize that she wasn't going to work. Not ever again. Never again would she say "Good morning, Mac." Nor hear, "Hi, Jean! Howsa kid?"

She'd like to hear that again—just once more. And she was weak sister enough to want to get her shoulder patted. After all, she owed Mac a decent farewell. He'd helped her when she needed it most. It would be no more than common civility to tell him good-by.

Jean jumped out of bed and reached for her stockings. There was no time to phone Jeff. Besides, the boat didn't sail till noon. She'd surprise him by arriving, suitcase in hand. It was just as well to put off hearing his bellow of joy as long as possible. Meanwhile she'd go over to Stein-Bergman's and sign in as usual. Then she'd ask to see Mac alone in his office. And then she'd tell him.

"I'm leaving, Mac. I'm marrying Jeff Bolton and sailing for India with him this noon." Then what would Mac say?

Perhaps he wouldn't like it at all. Suddenly Jean's heart contracted so that it hurt her. Perhaps his face would turn very white. Perhaps he'd say, "I can't let you go, Jean. Haven't you understood all along that I can't get on without you?" And then perhaps he'd take hold of her and keep her from going.

With a queer sound in her throat Jean laughed. She must be getting balmy to allow herself such thoughts. To dream that Mac would prevent her going was as absurd as to pin your life hopes onto a lottery ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes. You couldn't win. You knew when you bought the ticket that you couldn't win. But, she reflected, you bought the ticket just the same.

Jean was all dressed now. She pulled on her small felt hat and looked to make sure that her passport was in her bag. Then she took out her pay envelope and, keeping one dollar for taxi fare to the boat, she put all the rest on her mother's side of the bureau. Mrs. Harrington still slept. Jean didn't waken her. She couldn't stand a flood of emotion just now. She'd wire her the good news from aboard the S. S. Versailles.

At Stein-Bergman's she was late. "You're late, Miss Harrington," said the floor superintendent, watch in hand. "Seven minutes late." He was a plump man with a big, pink face.

Jean had half a notion to twist his nose just for the sheer fun of hearing everyone gasp. They'd all adore her for it. She'd become a hallowed bit of

folklore. But she hadn't time for trivialities. "I'm sorry, Mr. Flack. It won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't," he boomed after her, as she fled for the wrap department.

Mac was nowhere to be found. "The boss," said the big blond sales clerk, "isn't in. Must of been on a binge last night. Here, Harrington, crawl into this Paquin original and show Mrs. Ritz over there what she won't look like in it."

AN HOUR passed. She might have known it would be like this. Then another hour dragged its length across her numb brain. Eleven o'clock. And at twelve the Versailles would sail. This was worse, even, than she had imagined. Not even to say good-by. She shivered to remember that she had

Four hundred sixteen, 414—right around the next corner would be 412. Just as she turned the corner, the door of Cabin 412 opened. There was a soft feminine laugh, a swish of sables, and there in the doorway stood Lolita. The voice on deck was shouting again, "Last call ashore!"

"Don't go, Lita." The gray tweed of Jeff's shoulder appeared in the doorway just as Lolita's eyes caught Jean's.

In a flash Lita turned and drew Jeff back into the cabin, to the tune of Spanish blandishments.

"Last call ashore!" The deep, booming blast of the ship's whistle shook Jean from her frozen moorings. She whirled about and ran through the narrow passages in a panic. Cheers ahead announced that the forward gangplank had been cast off. She veered off and raced back through farther passages

find out he knew a girl like me. Men get that way. Most conventional creatures on earth. Scared to death of their own shadows. All except Mac. He's just about the sweetest boy I ever knew. I have weak moments when I'd almost marry Mac."

"Why don't you marry him?" asked Jean with white lips. She shrank over into her corner, away from the girl who stood between her and the man she wanted—even between her and the man she didn't want.

"Idiot!" Lolita was appalled. "Don't you know? Can't you feel it in your skin when a man is crazy about you? Doesn't it come over you in a wave and make your hair curl?" She shook Jean as a child shakes a doll. "How on earth could you ever try to run off with a tin-horn like Jeff Bolton when you've got a boy like Mac eating out his heart over you—boring his friends to death till 3 A. M. talking about you—losing weight over you—almost losing business over you!"

"Do you mean me?" asked Jean, bewildered.

Lolita made gurgling sounds. "Beautiful, but, oh, so dumb. Yes, I mean you. He dates me up whenever I'm in town simply because I costume my show twice a year at his store. A twenty-thousand-dollar order. That's a high price to pay for two dinners with that boy." She drew away from Jean. "Now don't get to thinking I have a heart of gold or something, for telling you this. For then I'd feel I had to like you. And I'd rather not. You see, that was what got to me, in Mac. He's the only man I know who thinks my reputation is all a lot of ballyhoo and that underneath it I'm just a simple slip of a girl. Can you imagine?"

"Maybe he's right," said Jean.

Lolita shrugged. "And maybe he's wrong. What difference does it make?" The car slid to a perfect stop in front of the store. "Anyway, I'm glad I gave Jeff a little something to remember me by. With the show business the way it is these days, a girl can't afford to be too choosy about her friends." She slammed the door after Jean and signaled her chauffeur to drive on.

AS JEAN hurried upstairs to the third floor, she wondered if Lolita's yarn could possibly be true. Perhaps it was just a dodge to keep her away from Jeff. Perhaps—

Mac was pacing the floor frantically when she arrived. "I've searched the earth for you. I covered you at the time office by saying you were out of the house on store business. But I was so afraid something had happened."

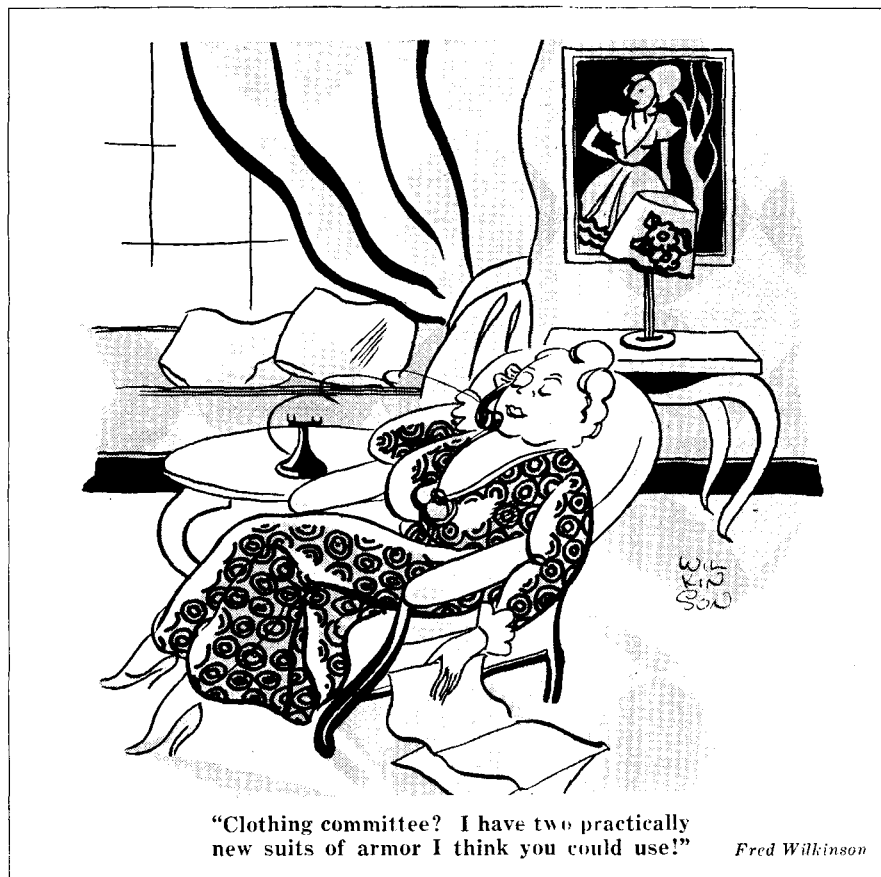
Perhaps Lolita had told the truth, for certainly a velvety feeling was creeping over Jean's skin. "What about you this morning, Mac? When you didn't come in, I was afraid something had happened, too."

"But I did come in. I spent the morning with Isaac Bergman trying to sell him, among other things, the idea of making you my assistant buyer. It would have been a big raise in pay for you."

"Oh, Mac—thank you—" A wave of contrition, or something, swept over her.

"Don't thank me. He wouldn't hear of it. And do you know why not? Jean, I'm afraid to tell you—it'll make you furious. He said that if you and I worked together any closer—we'd—we'd marry each other. And he doesn't want to lose you."

Jean didn't look the least bit furious. "Isaac Bergman," she said, "has better sense than anybody else around here." Lolita had told the truth. Even before Mac had time to answer, she could feel her hair getting all curly under her snug felt hat. "But he needn't worry, Mac. He's lost me already."



wondered if he would prevent her going.

With a last glance around the department, she signed out—"for lunch." Why bother to tell anyone she wasn't coming back? What difference did it make?

As Jean rushed up the gangplank of the Versailles, troupes of visitors were already swarming down, for the first call ashore had been given. Expensively dressed women with orchids pinned on their mink coats were gabbling in last-minute gayety. There were the Tommy Talbots and Sheila Billings. They'd come to see Jeff off, doubtless. But Jeff didn't seem to be around.

Jean ducked into the lobby. "Mr. J. Bolton," she said to the chief steward, "will you locate him for me at once?"

The steward answered instantly: "Mr. Bolton has gone to his cabin. Cabin 412. A deck."

A steward sprang for Jean's suitcase, but she waved him aside. She'd rather march in upon Jeff without a flock of retainers to witness his transports. As she threaded her way through the narrow passages, a voice on deck shouted, "Last call ashore!"

toward the stern. Suddenly she heard flying footsteps behind her. Pursuing her. Closing in on her.

"Run like hell, kid!" It was Lolita. Gone was the Spanish accent. "Gimme that suitcase!" She grabbed the suitcase and swept Jean along by the arm. "Wish I had time to shake you like you deserve," she panted, shaking her quite ably. "If this ship sails with both of us aboard—what a note!"

THEY reached the deck just as the gangplank had been unlashed and the pulleys were ready to haul it in. "Hold everything!" yelled Lolita. And the deckhands held.

Without protest Jean allowed herself to be plopped to Lolita's car. Silently she heard the chauffeur instructed to drive to Stein-Bergman's.

"This is the first time since I turned Spanish," said Lolita, "that the accent was ever scared out of me."

"Did Jeff see me?" asked Jean.

"Of course not. Didn't I almost miss the boat to keep him from seeing you? I mean, almost miss the land." She adjusted her gardenias. "I saw him with you last night. He got out of that joint as soon as he spotted me—afraid you'd



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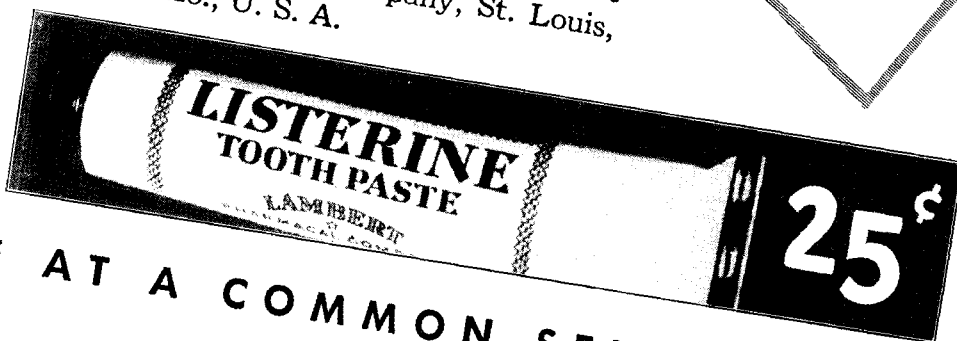
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THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

The Man who couldn't say Yes

Continued from page 16

Carbury had said he was a demagogue who couldn't be trusted. Luckily, Henry knew one man who could always take command in a crisis; that night he called for the first time at Mr. Carbury's house. Mr. Carbury heard his story in silent astonishment; and then laughed:

"What an ass Fredericks is! He could make a million out of that job within the law—and then he has to go and steal, and get caught at it! You see what comes of pushing a little man into a job that's too big for him. . . . Well, Strohl, I'm glad you brought this to me. I'll see the governor."

"But he's Fredericks' friend!" Henry cried.

"He'll be glad to throw Fredericks to the wolves to save himself; and we've got to let him do the housecleaning, for the sake of the party. He'll send for you tomorrow afternoon and you can tell him your story. Meanwhile, I'll have told him what he's got to do. For one thing, he'll have to appoint you state finance commissioner."

"Me?" cried Henry wildly. "But I—I've never been in politics—"

"All the better. We need a non-political appointment—a merit appointment—to restore confidence."

And it had all come true. But Henry couldn't believe it; through all the columns of newspaper publicity, the congratulatory resolutions of civic clubs, all the ceremony with which the governor, for the party's good, surrounded his inauguration as finance commissioner—through all that, Henry Strohl felt like a boy from the North Side who was going to wake up presently and find that it was all a dream.

But when he got a note from Mrs. Carbury inviting him to dinner next Friday at eight, he realized at last that this was success.

ON HIS right, at this first dinner on Ridge Drive, sat the wife of a railroad president; on his left was a blond girl whose place-card read "Miss Gage." She was rather pretty and extraordinarily smart; her manner had a hard airiness which he supposed was what was called sophistication. Of course—this was Ricarda Gage, Mrs. Carbury's niece, who made her home with them. Henry had read about her in the society pages of the local papers. It appeared that she had read about Henry in the papers, too.

"How does it feel to be a hero?" she asked him. He flushed.

"I'm not a hero—any more than a night watchman who reports a fire. It's what I was there for. Anybody would have done it."

"Nobody else did it. And Uncle Ned said that Fredericks would have given you fifty thousand dollars to keep still."

"Yes, but—" Henry flushed again. "The people you know wouldn't have been influenced by that."

"The people I know," she said, "have got fifty thousand dollars."

He found her amazingly easy to talk to, after they had once got started; and she was easier to talk to every time he met her. They met pretty often, for Commissioner Strohl—still shy and serious and self-effacing—had been taken up by local society.

In mid-October they met at an after-theater supper party—the week Jane Cowl played in town. Ricarda had come alone, in her roadster; and afterward she suggested that she could drop him at his hotel.

"But it's only around the corner," he pointed out. She laughed:

"Then what other excuse can I make up to take you driving?"

They drove far out into the country; in the car, parked by the roadside, she lit her cigarette from his. Tonight she was merry, irresponsible; if she hadn't

been Mr. Carbury's niece he'd have said she was acting as if she wanted him to make love to her. Even while his brain was registering the absurdity of such a fantasy he found himself making love to her, with headlong enthusiasm—till suddenly she was begging him unsteadily to let her go. He did (of course); she drew away, shivering.

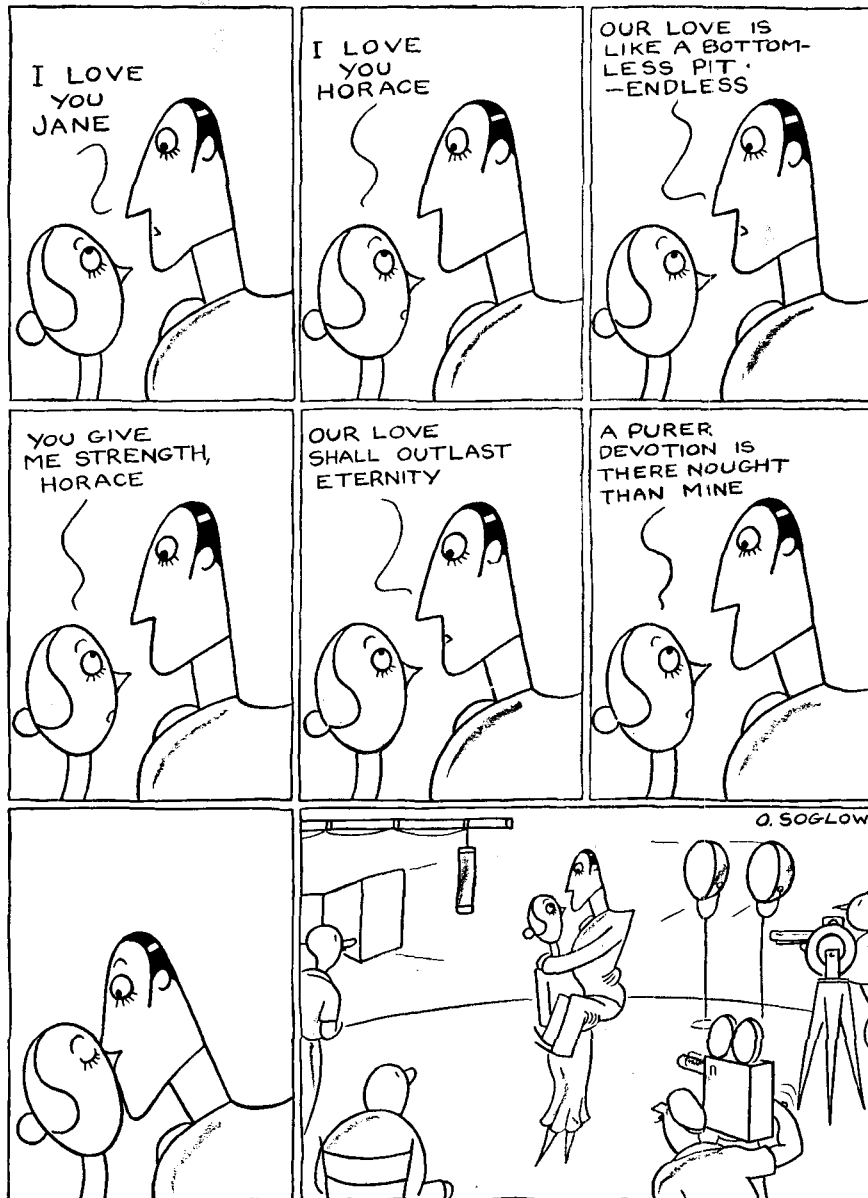
"I'M SORRY," she said presently. "It was all my fault. You look so shy and serious; I wondered what you'd do. . . . I certainly found out."

"I found out something, too. I—I

Luckily, he had plenty to think about besides Ricarda; a week after she left the stock market crashed, and though it recovered a bit in the winter, business wasn't recovering with it. A finance commissioner, contemplating shrinking tax returns and shaky banks, had no time to think about a woman (though, of course, he did think about her).

Besides, Edna had turned up again. She dropped in at his office one day, and he learned that she'd been back in town for months.

"Getting my divorce," she explained. "Joe left me flat in Omaha."



love you, Ricarda." He was astonished at his own presumption; she only shrugged.

"Don't be absurd. This probably doesn't mean a thing, except that the weather's unusually mild for October." But her clenched hands were beating in her lap. "I'm going East tomorrow," she announced abruptly.

"But I want you to stay here. I want you—" This wasn't credible, but he kept right on: "I want you to marry me."

"Oh, my dear! I'm afraid that wouldn't work."

"Oh, I know it sounds crazy. You're Mr. Carbury's niece and I'm from the North Side—"

"You make me sound like a snob," she protested. "But—let's see how we both feel when I come back."

But she didn't come back; from New York she went on to Palm Beach, for the winter, and the one letter Henry wrote her was never answered.

"But why didn't you look me up sooner, Edna?"

"When you bet on the wrong horse you don't ask for your money back. I wouldn't have bothered you, now that you're running around with the Ridge Drive crowd, except that I need a job. I'm asking for a job because you know I'm worth the money."

HE DID know it. So when one of the girls in his banking bureau quit to get married he gave Edna her job, though forty politicians wanted it for their female relatives. . . . There was a luncheon in the state house; and if a couple of old friends from the North Side happen to meet there, where's the harm in their lunching together—even if he happens to be the finance commissioner, and she only a forty-dollar clerk? Sometimes, too, he took Edna to dinner. They had the same interests, the same shop talk—and the same background: he still felt a little out of

place on Ridge Drive, but with her he was always at ease. How much at ease he didn't realize till she told him she'd have to stop seeing him. In utter amazement he asked her why.

"I don't enjoy being talked about, Henry. A divorced woman can't—"

"Good heavens!" he said. "I never dreamed—"

"I know you didn't; you've only been decent to me, when I'd been rotten to you. But—I've always been in love with you," she told him calmly. "Joe knew it; maybe that's why we couldn't get along. Don't worry; I know you don't care about me any more and I'm not going to bother you. Only—I don't want to bother myself too much, either."

Upset as he was, he could appreciate her realism. She was a remarkable woman—desirable, too; and he was always at ease with her. She'd be exactly the wife he needed—far better suited to him than Ricarda Gage, who wouldn't dream of marrying a man from the North Side. . . . But when he thought of Ricarda he kept on thinking about her; so presently he told Edna he supposed she was right. . . .

BUT he missed her—all the more since he saw her in the office every day, and could no more than nod to her. . . .

Rankin, state-house reporter for the Evening News, was a good friend of Henry's, though the News was an opposition paper. One afternoon he dropped in at Henry's office when the day's work was over.

"It's after office hours, Commissioner," he said. "So, just as one citizen to another—I've been hearing talk about the Interpolitan."

"You would," said Henry, "in times like these. They've got a lot of frozen assets, of course. But I've talked to Mr. Carbury about that situation, and he's given me his personal assurance that he's deflating as fast as he safely can."

"I don't doubt he is—now," Rankin agreed. "But a bank's like an egg—if you once begin to wonder how good it is, it's bad. You've—"

"You know what it would do to business in this town," Henry interrupted, "if I closed the Interpolitan. So long as it's still solvent—"

"Yes," said Rankin. "But I hope you realize, Commissioner, how much you're betting on Carbury. You've got a fine record and a fine standing; you'll be governor some day—if you don't slip up. If Carbury pulls through, you're all right; but give him too much rope and he might hang himself and you too."

"I know that," said Henry. "But no bank in this state is going to be closed unless in my judgment the interest of the depositors requires it. And if I know anything, the Interpolitan's all right."

All the same, the next day he called his best bank examiner off another job and told him to make a special inspection of the Interpolitan. And a couple of days later Ricarda came home.

He wasn't sure that a man in his position ought to call on Mr. Carbury's niece just now; but he did call on her. As he rang the doorbell he felt like a boy from the North Side come to deliver groceries; but when he saw her he forgot everything except that she was the woman he wanted. He walked right up to her and took her in his arms.

"Henry!" she gasped, amused and annoyed and—he saw with elation—a little frightened. "Really, this is—premature, to say the least."

"No, it's not." There was nothing shy and self-effacing about him now. "I wanted you last fall and I want you still."

"But, my dear, we don't really know

(Continued on page 36)

No Soda Fountain *need be a* "Germ Exchange"



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EVEN a soda fountain which uses its drinking vessels over and over again can be perfectly sanitary if each vessel is thoroughly sterilized after each using. Ordinary washing or rinsing may remove visible dirt, but only live steam, boiling water or other complete sterilization can remove germs.

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SCHOOLS . . . PARTIES . . . PUBLIC BUILDINGS . . . KITCHENS
PICNICS . . . TABLES AND FOR THE PACKING OF SOFT FOODS

The Man who couldn't say Yes

Continued from page 34

each other—"Then, laughing, "But what of it?" she surrendered. "I looked men over in New York and Palm Beach and White Sulphur, but I didn't see anybody I liked as well as you. I don't know how it will work, but let's find out."

So, that, incredibly, was that; and Henry Strohl felt as he had never felt before in all his life—free, and as good as anybody, and better than most; free and masterful and unconquerable.

And Mr. Carbury was delighted; he actually slapped Henry on the back, and told Ricarda he was proud of her for picking out a boy he'd developed. Before Henry left that evening everything was arranged. The engagement was to be announced next week, and they'd be married in June; and of course they'd live on Ridge Drive.

When he went home, Henry had lost that sense of masterful freedom; he was being engulfed in Ridge Drive. . . .

Then—the day before the engagement was to be announced—the examiner's report on the Interpolitan was turned in; and Commissioner Strohl could guess why Mr. Carbury had been so delighted.

HENRY'S first impulse when he read the report was to send for Mr. Carbury at once. But if the finance commissioner sent for, or called on, the president of the Interpolitan people would wonder what was wrong; and if they once started wondering— Luckily, Henry was dining at the Carburys' that evening; they were all going on to a musicale afterward, but somehow, before they went, he could make time for talking business.

As he was getting ready to leave his office that evening there came a tap on the door, and Edna Faunce walked in. He hadn't thought much about Edna lately and hadn't wondered whether she was thinking about him; but now, though she could see he was in a hurry, she sat down calmly beside his desk.

"About this Interpolitan report," she said. "Oh, I know I'm not supposed to have read it; I only record it, and file the extra copies. But I did read it, and— Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"You know I can't discuss that with you, Edna."

"Can't you, Commissioner? Well, I'm going to discuss it with you. I know the way your mind works; and I happen to care enough about you, still, not to want to see you go to jail with Carbury."

"Jail? That report shows that the bank's solvent."

"Is that your alibi? Any jury would say it's pretty thin. Solvent, yes—on the surface. But you know what most of those so-called assets are worth. You know—everybody knows—who was really behind those real estate companies that borrowed the depositors' money."

"Mr. Carbury's doing his best to clean up that situation, Edna. For that matter, he never meant to do anything irregular—"

"You mean he never thought he was risking jail. He only cut a few corners in the hope of making everybody rich—especially Carbury. Lots of people did that, in the boom days; it would have been a smart trick if he'd got away with it. But he didn't. The Interpolitan's insolvent right now. You know it and I know it, no matter what the report says. Are you going to let it go on receiving deposits?"

"Edna, it's a serious matter to close a big bank—if it can be saved. I'm going to see Mr. Carbury this evening. Unless he can give me his absolute assurance—"

"He could assure you black was white—especially now that you're running around with his niece. . . . Oh, yes—I

read the society-gossip columns. . . . Jealous?" she said. "Of course I'm jealous. I could have made a great man of you. I made a stupid mistake—but not half so stupid as the mistake you're making now. . . . I'm not saying anything against the girl; she probably doesn't know she's been used as bait. And if you close the bank, and her uncle goes to jail—as he will—"

"She'd hate me," Henry agreed. "But that doesn't alter the fact that it would be better policy to save the bank—if we can."

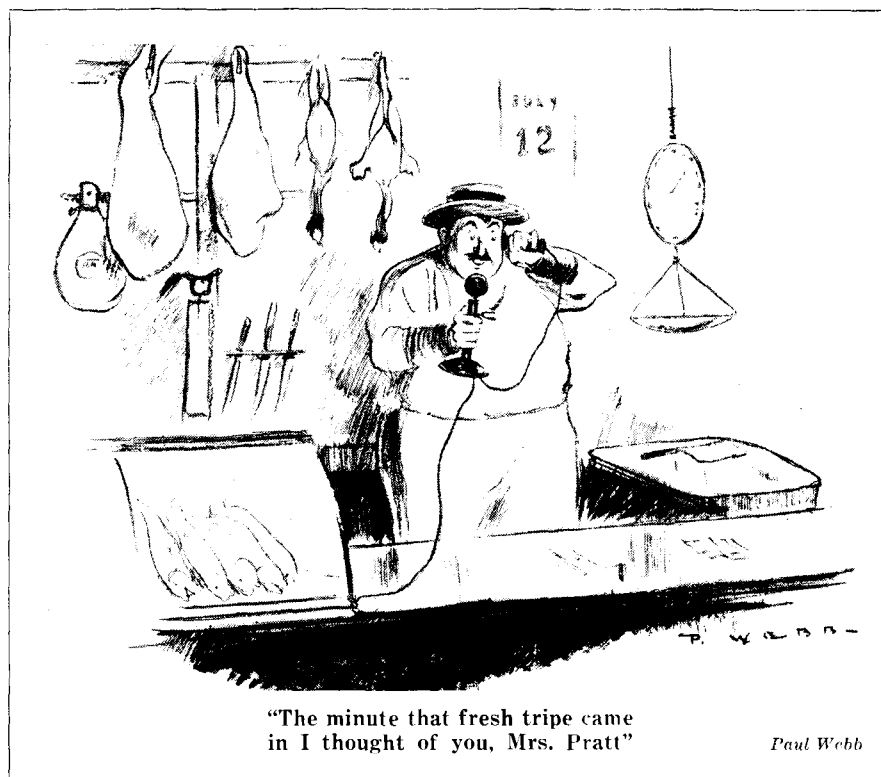
"If you can," she echoed. "Yes, if you give Carbury more time, and he manages to pull through, you're all right. But if he doesn't pull through you'll go to jail with him—and I don't imagine she'd care to marry an ex-con-

riches and respectability, things you couldn't associate with jail. What Edna had said blurred in his memory when he looked at Ricarda's sophisticated smartness—at Mr. Carbury, tall, aristocratic, peremptory. He told Mr. Carbury that they'd have to talk business for a little, before they went to the musicale; and his last memory as they went into the library was the sight of Ricarda's face—wondering, faintly perturbed.

MR. CARBURY, however, heard what Henry had to say without seeming perturbed at all.

"You're worried, my boy, and no wonder. But I give you my word, Henry, that in another week I'll have everything cleared up."

"I couldn't take anybody else's word,"



vict. . . . Henry, you're the one man in this administration who's trusted. But if you sell out to Ridge Drive—"

"So you think I've sold out, do you?"

"Other people will think so. I don't," she said acridly. "I know you too well. You respect your betters; you can't believe nice people can be crooks. You look like a big man in the state house—but I know you're only a bank clerk, too timid to put your foot down where you'd step on Carbury's toes. . . . It's a pity he ever lifted you out of your class. You were just the right size for that job on Shawnee Avenue."

"**S**AY what you like," he said wearily, amazed at her capacity for bitterness. "But I've got to make up my mind."

"If Carbury lets you. . . . Well—" She rose. "I'm resigning, of course, having read a report I had no business to look at. Don't worry; I'll find another job. And I can live quite a while on my savings, since I don't keep them in the Interpolitan."

He would have said, if you had asked him, that he knew how she would react to the unexpected. He never dreamed that just as in the days when she was playing him against Joe Cosby she had another string to her bow; that in her handbag was another copy of that secret report.

At dinner he was oppressed with the sense of Ridge Drive all around him—

said Henry desperately. "That bank's insolvent right now. To go on accepting deposits—"

"I know," said Mr. Carbury. "Irregular. But, hell! Lots of irregular things have to be done. You can't run big business by Shawnee Avenue rules. Mighty few banks in the country that weren't technically insolvent on certain days last October, but it would have been insane to close them. They carried on and pulled through. So will I."

"But those real estate companies, Mr. Carbury—"

"A mistake," Mr. Carbury admitted. "If I'd known what was coming— No harm intended, but a demagogue like the district attorney would find excuse for indictments. . . . Of course," he said thoughtfully, "if you give me any more time you risk indictment, too. Close me now, and you're absolutely safe. Personally, I couldn't blame you if you did that. But Ricarda— Well, she's only a girl. She doesn't like people who play it safe, and throw their friends to the wolves to save themselves."

Henry winced, and Mr. Carbury knew he had struck the weak point. He stood with hands clasped behind him, radiating confidence and reassurance; now, as at every crisis of Henry's life, in command.

"Also, Henry," he said, "most of her money is in Interpolitan stock. Close the bank now and it's liable to assessment—worse than worthless. And she

couldn't live on a salary like yours. . . . However, my boy, you must do your duty as you see it. One week more and I'm all right, but I mustn't try to talk you around. . . . We'd better go back to the ladies; they'll wonder what's keeping us."

The ladies were waiting, fur-coated; the car that was to take them to the musicale was at the door. But as the Carburys moved toward it—

"I thought Henry and I might drive over in the roadster," said Ricarda, "on such a fine night. Get your hat and coat, Henry, while I bring it around to the door."

From the threshold he watched her hurrying to the garage, blithe, assured, unsuspecting. . . . He wondered what she'd think of his dilemma; if he told her, made her see both sides of it— Then she was driving up to him, and as the light from the overhead lamp fell on her face he realized that that was the last thing in the world for him to do. A woman of her quality deserved a man who could make up his own mind.

"Ricarda—" he said. "I can't go with you tonight. Business—something that just came up. I've got to think it out."

"Something about the bank?" she asked anxiously.

"G-good heavens, no," he lied. "Whatever made you think so?"

"The way Uncle Ned acts. He's been jittery all week."

Henry laughed suddenly. So this was Mr. Carbury at home—not the Archangel Michael, radiating confidence and reassurance; only Uncle Ned, who let his foot slip like anybody else, and got jittery when he saw what he might have let himself in for. Somehow, everything looked different now. . . . So he kissed her good-by and wondered, as he watched her driving away, if she'd ever speak to him again.

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Edna Faunce sat in the office of the managing editor of the Evening News.

"Here's the state bank examiner's secret report on the Interpolitan," she said. "It looks all right on the surface; but study it and you'll see that the bank's insolvent. Strohl knows it's insolvent and he isn't going to close it; he told me so yesterday afternoon. He's going to give Carbury another week. But if you use this report—"

"We can't print it," the editor warned her, "and take the responsibility of breaking the bank." She seemed disappointed.

"Anyway," she said, "with this in the drawer you can start an editorial campaign that will drive Strohl out of office before the week is up. You don't want him to be the next governor; but he will be if he and Carbury get away with this. Whereas if you play this right—"

"We can cook him," said the editor. "And I suppose, Miss Faunce—"

He looked at her thoughtfully. He got the city gossip; he knew that Commissioner Strohl was pursuing Mr. Carbury's niece, and that he was said to have had a girl in the state house whom he'd thrown over. Sometimes the editor felt that his own private life was rather saltless, but now he thanked God he'd never got mixed up with a vindictive woman.

"I suppose," he said, "you offer this document to the Evening News out of a sense of public duty?"

"I offer it to the Evening News for a thousand dollars," she told him curtly. "And you're getting it cheap at that."

"Yes," he agreed, "I guess we are." And then the telephone rang at his elbow. "Hello!" he said. "What? . . . I see. Thanks, McCauley." He hung up, turned back to Edna. "I'm afraid Strohl was only kidding you, Miss

Faunce. The Interpolitan has just been closed in the interest of depositors, by order of the state commissioner of finance."

It was the busiest morning of Henry Strohl's life—one conference after another, with a long line of men waiting in the outer office. But he let them wait a while longer when his secretary came in at eleven o'clock and said that Miss Gage wanted to speak to him. . . . She walked in, cool, unperturbed, impenetrable.

"WELL, Henry! I understand that you've bankrupted me."

"Did you get my note?" he asked. She shook her head. "I wrote you last night, after I made up my mind. I'd have told you after dinner if I'd known what I was going to do. But I—I didn't dare trust myself to think it out when you were around."

"Thank you!" she said. "Uncle Ned seems to think he's likely to be indicted. Is he?"

Henry nodded miserably.

"I hate it!" he burst out. "Matson, and then Fredericks, and now your uncle— It makes me seem so damned righteous and—and inhuman, always being the one to find them out. But— Well, it's what I was there for. To look after the little people who can't look after themselves."

"That's what I told Uncle Ned," she said. "How much do you make, Henry? . . . Eight thousand a year? I should think we could live on that. I know

you're terribly busy, darling, but it would be convenient if we could be married today. Because Uncle Ned— Well, he didn't exactly throw me out of the house; but he made it pretty unpleasant when he found out that I sided with you."

"Sided with me?" he said slowly. "Ricarda, I—I don't believe you know what it means to side with me. He wanted more time. If I'd let him have it, I'd have risked indictment, too. And when I didn't let him have it, he naturally thought I was throwing him to the wolves—"

"Oh, yes—he told me all that. He couldn't seem to see that you're working for the state now, and not for the Interpolitan. I know Uncle Ned better than you do, my dear. He took a chance, and it's too bad he got caught. Too bad you had to be the one to catch him. But I told him he was silly trying to make a personal issue of it; and when he said I'd have to choose between him and you— Well, here I am."

Now she was in his arms; but he could hardly believe it, even yet.

"Don't look so solemn!" she told him, laughing. "I've been crazy about you ever since last fall. That night we drove out in the country and you asked me to marry you— Well, I wish I had, instead of going to Florida to try to get you off my mind. I almost did; and do you know why I didn't—the only reason?" He shook his head. "In those days," she said, "everybody thought you were nothing but Uncle Ned's yes man."

Born to Sing

Continued from page 29

where she is going to get her sixty guineas today."

Then back to America to tour the country with Nordica in Henry Russell's San Carlos Opera Company, to sing one hundred and seventeen concerts in one hundred and seventeen days on the Chautauqua circuit (and get fifty thousand dollars for it), to tour the country again with such artists as Scotti, Riccardo Martin and José Mardones, to sing at private musicales with the knightly Plançon, who knew just how to put ladies in their places, and presently, after many adventures, to sing with the Boston Opera and the great Metropolitan.

Almost the first person I met on my return was Victor Herbert. Impulsively I rushed up to him. But Victor was cold, scowling.

"But, Victor," I protested, "aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad?" roared Victor. "Good Lord, think of the money you and I have lost because you would sing grand opera and not stick to me."

So here in America I was trouping again—trouping in grand opera, but trouping none the less. I loved it. It was irksome to some of them but never to me.

Grand opera or comic, the incidents were just as hilarious. For example, Jeska Schwartz, Riccardo Martin, Mardones and I sang one night in Tombstone, Arizona. We sang small towns and cities, villages and hamlets, sometimes in theaters, sometimes in halls, but always to good houses and fine applause.

This night we opened with the Rigoletto quartette. An awful silence followed the final notes. Not a hand smote a hand; not a foot tapped the floor. What was the matter? Then I sang, and the oppressive silence continued. No suggestion of applause. Schwartz came offstage in tears, calling the audience names that I shan't repeat.

"Well, by heaven, I'll wake them up," snarled Martin.

But he didn't. That audience might have been dead for all the demonstration he got. And Mardones too failed.

"What's the matter with this crowd?" demanded Martin of the management.

"Nothing at all," was the reply. "They enjoyed it thoroughly. But, you see, we had to hold the concert in this hall, which is also used as a church. And they feel sort of queer about applauding in church."

Alice Hums a Simple Tune

Things like that. What a distance the street singer had come. I had been chosen to open the Boston Opera with Butterfly, and its backers, abandoning it when the financial deficit became ruinous, insisted that Alice Nielsen close it with the same opera. I was to return to Kansas City, to be met at the station by the town's dignitaries, paraded through the streets, toasted in the homes of people who once had tossed me pennies and who had spoken of "doing something or other about that Nielsen child."

And there one night something made me avoid the after-theater crowd and go alone to the stage door of the Coates Opera House, long since closed forever, and hum a simple tune—Thou Art So Near And Yet So Far. I did not dare to sing it as I had many years before. I was afraid somebody might hear and report to the police that something was wrong with Alice Nielsen, who was singing to a dingy brick wall in a back street. What I was really hoping for was that old Mel Hudson might come peg-legging toward me, ordering me home, insisting that I "Gwan now like a good girl and get away from that stage door before you get hurt."

But Mel, my first idol of the theater, didn't appear. Not even his ghost.

THE END

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In the mountains . . . At the seashore



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Gangsters get Tired

Continued from page 26

are at theirs. And they got something to be ashamed of. The reformers got busy and reformed the country. And what have you got? You got the country full of punks, like Herbert Spencer says. They ain't criminals; they're just punks—small-time lawbreakers who don't have to have any brains because there's millions of reformers helping them defy the law by buying stuff from them that the law says is illegal. Read Tom Huxley.

It's Too Easy to be Fun

"Listen, mister, you don't have to have any brains to deliver a case of whisky. All you need is an automobile. Your customer is a respectable business man, a member of the best clubs and you're minding your own business and the cop knows you're selling it and the customer's buying it, to say nothing of liking a shot himself once in a while. So, what the hell! It don't take brains to break a law if you got half the country helping you. And as for these punks who stick up a filling station or a cigar store or a bank—what's to stop them? The cops? There ain't that many cops in the world.

"Listen, mister, before another customer butts in. When I was a bad boy in the old days before the war, it took more than a gun and a chance to make a stick-up guy. In those days the punks didn't get into the stick-up business and weren't burglars or racketeers because it took guts and brains, and the public wasn't on your side looking for a chance to cut in on your graft. It took the prohibition law to prove that law and order ain't just a set of rules written out in a book. You can't just write out a law and paste it on the wall and expect people to believe it. Read Darwin.

"If it's the style to pay no attention to any one law, the punks will take a wallop at all the rest of them as fast as they find out what they are. And the more the punks learn, the harder it is to stop them. Listen to the reformers and the moralists hollering we got to respect law and order. Yeah? Who's going to make us? The cops? Listen, there ain't that many cops. There ain't money enough to hire that many cops. If the people line up on two sides of a question, the side with the most guts wins even if the other side's got the law with them. See? Read—read—read—let's see—"

Mr. Jackson pondered on his philosophers for a moment, then shrugged them off.

"T'heh with it," he said. "I been reading so much. But Tolstoy says that the more people learn, the more trouble they make for them that try to govern them. Maybe it wasn't Tolstoy; but what of it? When I get going good the boys get all mixed up. Maybe having too many books in your nut is like having too many laws on the books; after-while nobody knows which the hell's the right one. Take a half-ton truck and put a half-ton on her and you get somewhere. Put a couple tons on her and you're sunk. Like too much law. Keep on telling the people they can't do things and soon they say 'Oh, yeah?' and throw the whole load in the East River. And then what have you got? The punks are running wild, busting all the windows in the courthouse and everybody over fifty years old, a lot of which would still be punks themselves if they hadn't got tired, are demanding that somebody pass a law against all this law-breaking. It would give old Tom Huxley a pain in the neck. You ought to read

him. He said that a truth in the hands of cockeyed guys does us more harm than the wrong idea if it's handled right. Mister, that Huxley must of done a couple of stretches in prison—the thinking he did. He said—just a minute."

Honest drama had entered Humpty Jackson's pet shop. A youngster lugging a scrawny mixture of terrier and hound stood in the middle of the floor, mute and tearful in appeal to the powerful hunchback who, a few years ago, ruled a section of New York with such terrorism that the police patrolled its blocks in squads instead of singly or in pairs. I have watched famous surgeons wield the scalpel and have followed the fingers of great artists over the piano's keyboard; but I have seen nothing surer, gentler or more deft than the hands of this once cruel slugger as they set the broken leg of that mutt.

Swiftly, expertly he clamped the animal's head under the swelling biceps of his great left arm. His thumbs ran down the haunch of the injured hind leg, the fingers of his right hand folding upon the middle joint. And then a short, decisive tug. It was all so quick that the dog whined just once—in momentary pain, not fright nor anger. And then as speedily and skillfully as a clerk wraps a package, Jackson clapped on the splints and the tape and restored the dog to its owner.

"Okay," said Mr. Jackson to the still wordless kid. "Beat it now. This gent and me got a lot of important fat to chew. Okay. Keep that pooch off his feet. Don't feed him anything he's got to work over. Got to eat laying down. See? Scram."

And the boy, who hadn't uttered a word and the middle of whose face was now washed clean with his tears, trudged out, giving Mr. Jackson as pay a look that only a boy's respect can convey.

"Business seems brisk enough," I commented, "but not much money in it."

"What the hell," scoffed Mr. Jackson. "Listen, if you know I could be pinched for that? I ain't a doc. Where was I? Sure—Huxley. Well, let him lay. I was going to say something he said—but it's slipped my mind. Somebody will be in with a alley cat or a pigeon in a minute. Some day a guy's going to come in here dragging a horse and I'll wrap it around his neck.

The Brave Old Days

"Oh, I done my share. Of course the ballot-box racket is old-fashioned now. It ain't so raw today either. Why, Big Tim Sullivan would call me in and tell me things didn't look so good for Tammany Hall in—say—the First Ward. That was a spot, mister, that First Ward. So I would say okay and how many punks did he want and he would say he could use a hundred. I would get ten dollars a punk. I give them three dollars apiece.

"There was three ways to use them. You could vote them at three dollars a head and instead of dropping one vote in the box they'd drop a dozen all folded up neat and if anybody said anything he'd get a smack on the nut. Or you could have them hanging around in a line like they were waiting for their turn to vote and any Republican that showed up would have to stand there at the end of the line while a Democrat would go to the head of the line the minute he showed up. After while the Republican would get tired and quit waiting. If he started an argument he got a poke in the nose.

"Or maybe we'd gang the joint. Smack a couple of Republican ballot watchers over and swipe the boxes and throw them in the river. If a cop showed up and had to do something a Tammany man would speak up first because the Republicans wouldn't be in shape to say much. He would tell the cop to pinch me, and after the cop walked me three or four blocks the Tammany man would catch up with us and tell the cop he withdrew the charge against the gentleman—me. Yes, mister, I worked up quite a bad reputation for myself, but I got tired.

"Tired being pinched every time somebody I never heard of did something. Tired of the same old burglar racket, slugging punks and not being able to go around outside my own district. That was the way it was then—the cops knew the crooks, knew where to look for them, knew by the kind of job who to look for. But today you got punks living in ten-thousand-dollar flats. Read Clarence Darrow.

When Cops Were Enemies

"I ain't one to talk about myself, mister, but I got to tell you that I was the inventor of the sewed-up pocket. Cops couldn't slip a gun in my pocket and pull me in for carrying a rod when they didn't have anything legitimate on me and the word had gone out to clean up for a couple of days to satisfy the newspapers. Also I invented a pistol holster for my hat. I got away with that for a long time until a young cop got wise and just to satisfy his curiosity slapped me on the nut with his night stick. Only he hit on the wrong side. After that it wasn't a secret any more and it didn't do my head any good. It was also very mortifying to be showed up by a kid cop like that."

He excused himself for a moment to sell a pair of goldfish to a lady who explained volubly that her daughter was getting married. Mr. Jackson assured her that nothing was quite so appropriate to setting up housekeeping as a pair of nice goldfish.

"Oh, it's not for them," said the lady with spirit. "I'm just making my flat pretty for the wedding. It would be foolish to waste a pair of goldfish on two young squirts like them."

"Squirts," repeated Mr. Jackson when the lady had gone. "Listen, I've had squirts come up to me and ask me to give them advice on how to fix cops—that they have a nice racket on the fire and they want to fix the cops so they won't be bothered. Get that—just squirts—punks. How would I know how to fix a cop? Listen, when I was downtown we didn't fix cops; our idea was how to keep cops from fixing us. See what's happened? This punk who asked me wouldn't have the guts to fight it out with the cops. He wants to fix them. He's got some racket. If he gets away with it he's a smart boy and his family brags about him. If he don't he's just a punk and somebody knocks him off while the family's disowning him. Anyway, I give him a poke in the nose.

"The trouble is," said Mr. Jackson, "that laws ain't passed to get rid of things that make the kids go wrong. No, mister; laws are passed just to make something illegal."

A woman was coming in carrying a cage wrapped in a towel. I decided to go.

"Whom do you read to get that last crack?" I asked Mr. Jackson.

"You got to read them all," he replied. "At that, I made that one up myself."

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 13

in quite that way? Was it what his inscrutable Chinese conscience would regard as fair warfare, or was it not?

I doubted, and, to be perfectly honest, I feared. I had warned Rima to bolt her door before saying good night to her, and now, entering my own cabin, I did the same. I made sure that the Sword of God was in my golf-bag, concealed among the clubs, and the gold plates in the pocket of my overcoat before I began to undress. The wooden chest, nailed up again, stood at the end of a blind alleyway leading to the chief's suite.

The Mediterranean was calm as a great lake and there was little motion perceptible from stem to stern of the Indramatra. My cabin was forward on the port side and only two removed from that occupied by Sir Lionel. These cabins opened on a narrow gallery overlooking the dining-saloon, and Rima's was nearly opposite my own.

I had experienced a pang of uneasiness on realizing that the stewards were almost exclusively Javanese, some of them of a very Mongolian type; silent, furtive, immobile, squatting like images at the corner of nearly every alleyway—their slippers beside them, their faces expressionless.

Tonight, however, they had all disappeared. The ship was silent, the saloon a dark well. Only faint vibrations from the screw propellers and that creaking of woodwork inseparable from a ship at sea disturbed the stillness.

I had only partially unpacked and, feeling very wide-awake, I began to grope amongst my baggage for a tin of tobacco which I had bought just before leaving Cairo. I had determined to smoke a final pipe before turning in. A final drink would have been welcome, but I doubted if I could obtain one.

Following some searching, I discovered the tobacco, and I had just raised the lid and begun to fill my pipe when there came a soft rapping upon the door of the cabin. . . .

I CONFESS that I was reluctant to open my door. It was perhaps not surprising after the strain which had been imposed upon me during those past few weeks; but I was conscious of a definite decline of morale.

The rapping was repeated, rather more insistently, but yet not loudly.

I laid my pipe down on the bed and moved towards the cabin door. Save for that slight creaking of woodwork as the ship rode a barely perceptible swell, there was no sound.

"Who's there?" I said sharply, but without shooting the bolt back.

"Urgent radio message for Mr. Greville."

I heaved a sigh of relief which must have been audible beyond the door, shot the bolt back and there stood a Marconi operator.

"I shouldn't have disturbed you in the ordinary course," he explained, "but the message was marked 'Immediate delivery.'"

"Thanks," I said; "I hadn't turned in."

I took the envelope.

"Good night," I added.

"Good night, sir."

I returned and bolted the door. Then, tearing open the message, I read eagerly:

SOMETHING WILL BE ATTEMPTED TONIGHT
STOP STAY AWAKE AND KEEP A SHARP
LOOKOUT NAYLAND SMITH

I dropped the message on the bed

cover. From what possible source was such an attempt to be looked for? And what should I do?

Lighting my pipe, I stared at the golf-bag propped in a corner of the cabin, a strange repository for a relic which already had such a bloody history; but, in Sir Lionel's opinion, a better one than the purser's safe.

Cudgel my brains as I would—and I was very wide-awake now—I could conceive of no plan—even assuming the real whereabouts of the damnable relics to be known to our enemies—whereby they could obtain possession of them otherwise than by an open raid on my cabin, and that of the chief.

It was preposterous! Even if it were admissible that Fu Manchu had servants among the native members of the crew—what could they do?

Yet, here was the message. What in heaven's name did it mean?

ONE thing I determined upon: to obey Nayland Smith's instructions. I would mount guard until daylight, when the normal life of the ship would be resumed. Then, if nothing had occurred, I might safely assume the danger past.

With this laudable object in view, I removed my coat and threw myself on the bed, taking up a booklet issued by the shipping company and illustrated with charts showing the mileage between ports of call.

I read on industriously. Once, I thought I detected a faint sound out in the alleyway, but, putting the pamphlet down and listening intently, I found that it presently resolved itself into a variation of that endless creaking. I realized that the gentle, soothing motion had become more marked; the swell was slightly increasing.

How long I pursued my reading I cannot say, for, as often occurs at such times, although I imagined myself to be wide-awake I was actually tired out, and probably no more than a few minutes later I was fast asleep.

I suppose I slept lightly, for there could be little doubt about what awakened me. I know that I sat up with a start, and at first was utterly confused by my surroundings. Ash was on the counterpane where I had dropped my pipe; fortunately, it had not set fire to it. I sat listening.

Above the noise of creaking woodwork and the dim vibration of the shaft, a new sound was perceptible. I glanced at my watch. I had slept for two hours.

Stepping to my cabin door, I shot the bolt, opened, and looked out into the alleyway. Darkness and silence. Nothing moved. I returned and even more plainly, now, could hear this new disturbance.

I had carefully closed the porthole, having painful memories of the acrobatic methods employed by agents of Dr. Fu Manchu. I unscrewed the bolts and opened it. The sound became much louder; and curiosity grew overpowering. I was as widely awake as ever now, and I determined to go up on deck for a moment.

I had discovered that my cabin door possessed a key. I locked it, went quietly along the alleyway and mounted the stairs. Not a soul was about. Both entrances were closed, but the sound had seemed to come from the port side, and therefore I opened the port door, and stepped out on deck.

It was a clear, starry night. And as I looked upward and aft, my theory was confirmed.

Some kind of heavy aircraft, to judge
(Continued on page 40)



DORRIS GRODAY

July Hair Lines

Wonderful how the right hair line enhances one's appearance—adding smartness to the coiffure, softness to the face, and emphasis to the eyes. Watch your hair line, girls, if you would look your most attractive self this summer. Of course, hair can be arranged becomingly only if it is healthy, pliable hair to begin with. Keep yours in condition with this regular, basic care—every week before your shampoo apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally to the scalp. Massage gently, but firmly, with the fingertips for several minutes, working round and round until the scalp tingles, and feels loose. This stimulates the circulation, prepares the scalp for a thorough cleansing. Rub some Tonic on the ends of the hair, too, to overcome dryness and split ends. If you can leave the Tonic on the hair overnight—so much the better. Just spread a protective towel over your bed pillow. Follow the treatment with your regular shampoo. Simple, isn't it? And sure to keep your scalp healthy, your hair soft, pliable and lustrous, in spite of the ravages of summer suns.



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These soft tissues are wonderful for babies, for use as bibs, handkerchiefs, and napkins. Try Kleenex for wiping spectacles, for cleaning silver, for dusting, for cleaning shoes, for drying razor blades.

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Kleenex is now available in two sizes, the usual handkerchief size, and the larger Kleenex in big, luxurious sheets—more than three times as large. Try this larger Kleenex for dusting, for guest towels, for removing face creams.

A free sample may be obtained by writing Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago.

'KERFS

For dress-up occasions! Like Kleenex, but heavier . . . 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Finished with smart borders. Use for tea napkins as well as handkerchiefs.

KLEENEX disposable
TISSUES

(Continued from page 39)

from the deep drone of her propellers, was flying on a parallel course and rapidly overtaking the Indramatra. I went up the ladder to the boat deck, thinking I could obtain a better view. In this I was right.

She was, I thought, a seaplane, but by reason of her position in relation to the ship, and the darkness of the night, I could not be sure of this. I glanced forward to the bridge.

The officer of the watch was out on the port wing, his glasses directed upward; and I had time to wonder if the rigid discipline of the Dutch Mercantile Marine necessitated his logging the occurrence.

I TURNED and went back to my cabin. The seaplane, for such I now clearly saw it to be, had passed the ship, and was some little distance ahead of us.

About to pass the alleyway communicating with the chief's suite, I pulled up in doubt. The light was bad, but I could not see the wooden crate which formerly had contained the relics of the Prophet.

I tiptoed along, to make sure. Undoubtedly the crate was gone!

This, of course, might have been accounted for in several ways; yet I was practically certain that the crate had been there when I turned in. I entered my own cabin, and automatically plunged my hand in the golf bag. The Sword of God was safe. I felt the pendulous pocket of my overcoat in the wardrobe—and the New Creed remained in its hiding place.

I had just slipped into my pajamas when again came a knocking on the cabin door.

From the jump which I gave I knew how badly my nerves had suffered.

"Who is it?" I cried.

"Very sorry, Mr. Greville! Marconi again."

I opened the door.

"It's all right," I said, smiling without effort, for frankly I was relieved. "What is it this time?"

"It's another urgent message. It looks as though we had a crook aboard!"

"What!"

I took the radiogram and read:

NO M P NAME OF KENNINGTON IN PRESENT COMMONS STOP ADVISE PURSER AT ONCE AND INTERROGATE PASSENGER
NAYLAND SMITH

Looking up, I met the glance of the operator.

"It's queer, isn't it?" he commented. "But I don't see much point in waking the purser at this time of night. Are you by any chance connected with the English police, sir?"

"No. My correspondent is."

"Oh, I see. Well, if you want to wake the purser, I can show you his room."

"I'll think it over," I replied. "I know where to find you if I decide to see him."

"Right aft on the boat deck," he said, and turned.

"Good night!"

"Good night."

I had just reclosed the door and, sitting down, was considering Nayland Smith's second message, when there came a sudden lull; a queer stillness. At first, I could not account for it. Then, I knew what had happened.

The engines had stopped.

In much the same way, I suppose, as the stopping of a clock will awaken a sleeper, the stoppage of the propellers awakened many passengers on the Indramatra. As I pulled on a dressing-gown and hurried out into the alleyway, voices and movement were audible all about me.

Then, staring across the yawning black gap of the dining-saloon, I saw Rima, disheveled, but adorably di-

sheveled, endeavoring to adjust a hastily grasped bathrobe. Her glance met mine from the opposite gallery.

"Oh, Shan!" she cried. "What's happened? I didn't get to sleep until about half an hour ago; I thought I heard knockings and voices. . ."

"I don't know, darling. I'm going to find out."

No sound came from the chief's cabin; doubtless he was fast asleep. Rima and I apparently were the only two passengers sufficiently curious about the stoppage of the engines to have left our rooms. As I joined her at the foot of the staircase the Indramatra got under way again, but was putting about, as I could plainly detect.

"We're turning back!" exclaimed Rima. "Let's go up and see what's happening."

We went up and, having fought with the fastenings of the starboard door, finally got out on deck. The night was clear enough and I could see no sign of any craft ahead.

We mounted the ladder to the boat deck. I saw the commander, a seaman of the old school, who with his fine face and pointed gray beard might have posed for Van Dyck, going forward to the bridge, muffled in a topcoat.

Holding Rima tightly as we craned over between two boats, I saw what had happened.

The seaplane floated on an oily swell about three lengths away from us. Assuming her to be in difficulties, the officer of the watch had put the ship about. And now the Indramatra's searchlight cast a sudden dazzling glare upon the sea, and I saw something else:

An object which looked like a big football was moving in the direction of the seaplane in the wake of a swimmer wearing a life-jacket, who, striking out lustily, was apparently towing the ball behind him!

"Whatever's that?" Rima whispered.

From the bridge of the Indramatra came a roar through a megaphone—the commander doubtless: but since he spoke in Dutch, I could not follow his words. The engines were rung off again. We lay to very near the sea-and-air-craft; but no reply came from her crew.

The swimmer, towing his singular burden, grasped one of the floats. I saw that a ladder had been thrown down to assist him, and as I watched he began to clamber up. At which moment:

"Greville!" came a hoarse voice. "What the hell's happening?"

I TURNED, still holding Rima tightly—and there was the chief, wrapped in his untidy dressing-gown.

"I don't know," I replied. "But I'm glad you're here. I have news for you—"

Another challenge came from the bridge—and brought forth no response. The swimmer climbed on board the seaplane. All that I could make out of him was that he wore bathing kit, and had a tight cap upon his head. The light touched him only momentarily.

That object which resembled a football was hauled up; and as we watched I saw the propellers started. There was some commotion before they cleared away. Men were climbing aboard, clearly visible in the glare of the searchlight. Then the seaplane was off, skimming over the surface of the Mediterranean like a seagull; presently to take the air, rise, bank sharply and sweep back for the coast of Egypt.

I heard, dimly, a bell, and the engines came to life again. The Indramatra was being put back on her course.

As we regained the main deck, it became evident that something extraordinary was afoot. The purser, in uniform but wearing a white muffler in lieu of a collar, was standing by the door of his room with the second engi-

neer and another officer. He looked very pale, I thought, and as Sir Lionel came in, Voorden fixed a rather wild gaze upon him.

Before he had time to speak, the captain, also hastily dressed, appeared from an alleyway, and joined the group.

"Something's wrong!" Rima whispered.

A sort of embarrassed hush descended when we came down; then:

"Sir Lionel Barton, I believe?" said the captain, stepping forward. "Your name is well known in my country. But I have not before had the pleasure of meeting you. My name is Vanderhaye."

"How d'you do, captain," growled the chief, and shook hands. "What's the trouble?"

The captain glanced at the purser, and shrugged helplessly.

"I'm afraid, sir," said the latter, addressing Sir Lionel, "that you have suffered a heavy loss."

"What!"

"It is," explained Captain Vanderhaye, his steady blue eyes fixed upon the chief, "a case of minor piracy. Nothing of the kind has ever occurred to me in the forty years I have been at sea. I regret your loss, Sir Lionel, more deeply because it should have happened in my ship. But here are the facts—you may judge if I or my officers are to blame."

HE STEPPED to the door of the purser's room, which, as I saw now, was open, and indicated the keyhole with an outstretched finger. The chief, Rima and I grouped around him; and as I bent forward I saw a really amazing thing.

Where the keyhole had been, as the fitting belonging to a brass flap clearly indicated, was a jagged hole, perhaps an inch and a half in diameter, going clean through the door!

It was sufficiently obvious that such a tunnel must have destroyed the lock, leaving the door at the mercy of any intruder.

"This," said the captain, "is strange enough. How such a thing could be done silently I cannot explain. But be good enough to step inside."

He entered the office. The chief's face was very grim, but, knowing him, I could see that he was stifling a smile. Rima stayed very close to me.

"Look!"

Captain Vanderhaye was pointing to the big safe. The pale-faced purser stood beside him, watching us almost pathetically. And as I looked, I wondered; looking longer—my wonder grew.

In one hand the commander held a lock, with the other he pointed to a gap, roughly square and some six or seven inches across, in the steel door of the safe.

"This steel," he said, and tapped the lock, "has been cut through like a piece of cheese. No blow lamp could have been used—it would have taken too long and would have aroused some of the people in neighboring cabins. But see—"

He ran his forefinger along the edge of the cut-out lock. The frayed steel crumbled away like biscuit!

Placing the lock on the purser's table, he shrugged his broad shoulders.

"It is magic!" he declared. "A safe-breaker armed with some new thing of science. What can I say? He sprang overboard with his booty and was picked up by that strange seaplane." He swung the door widely open. "Look for yourselves. Nothing has been disturbed, except . . ."

"Your three sealed parcels, Sir Lionel," said the purser huskily, "which were here, in the bottom of the safe. They are gone!"

(To be continued next week)

Memorial to a Hero

Continued from page 21

and found to be extraordinarily good.

"Ah! *Che cortesia! Che tutto!* Beautiful tact and delicacy! Not to leave it outside my door where somebody could see it and maybe steal it. But all safe inside my door, and the door locked! I, a poor artist, salute you, drink to you! And to you, signor, you with *carolfiori* ears and *gonzo* mug, I drink to your immortal life in heaven or hell."

Moretti, who was a dreamer indifferent to the doings of the great wild world, was nevertheless curious about his friends and asked Sergeant Rosario Carbone, whom he had known casually for years.

"What? That bunch? Sure, we know all about 'em, though they're shifty and in and out with the gang and hard to follow up. Had the goods on some of 'em but can't pin 'em down. Had Carnesi in court twice, and no witnesses. He's part owner of a swell speakeasy, but he's never there."

"Yes, he must have a good speakeasy. He sent me a case of rye as a compliment."

THE sergeant laughed. "They sometimes do that for guys they're goin' to put on the spot, so they pass out happy. Same as they give a fella a good dinner before they send him to the chair."

Moretti smiled wanly and thought of Francesca.

"About this Simeone fella," continued Sergeant Carbone, "if that's his name, I don't remember him. They bump off so many you can't keep count of 'em."

Moretti finished the medallion with scrupulous and sardonic care. He made as noble a face as the most expansive fidelity to the photographs would permit. Carnesi called him by telephone, and Moretti appointed an hour for the friends to come to the studio and judge the work. He asked Francesca if she would like to be present. She grimaced and shuddered.

"I'll be thankful when it's all over. You must not be alone when those fellows come."

"Luigi will be there."

"Come directly home, Alessandro, as soon as they're gone."

"I will, *carissima*. I will come home with a hundred fifty dollars in my pocket."

At the appointed hour the friends entered the studio. Carnesi introduced the others. Mr. Checchi, whose upper lip was lifted above yellow teeth. Mr.

Thompson, a hulk of a body surmounted by a battered, shapeless face. Mr. Zerlinsky, with parrot beak and twitching shiny eyes.

At Moretti's gesture the four friends went solemnly up to the modeling stand and stood in a row. The sculptor removed the wet cloth from the clay. The four men, hardened and notorious criminals who had become legends in the press, who had defied and outraged society, eluded the police, cheated the courts, murdered their fellow murderers, now looked a moment in silence at the presentment of one of their brethren, murmured unintelligible sounds, bowed their heads and wept.

"You loved him much?" said Moretti.

"Yeah. He's a good guy," said Carnesi, who promptly mastered his emotions. "Too bad he ain't goin' to see this. It's good. Looks just like him."

"It will look better when it is cast in bronze."

"Yeah. I'll pay you for that now, the hundred and a half we owe you. You keep the bronze here till I send for it." And Mr. Carnesi repeated, "Too bad he can't see it."

"Well, maybe he can look down from heaven and see."

Carnesi exchanged quick glances with his companions.

"He ain't in heaven yet."

"No?"

"No. He's goin'."

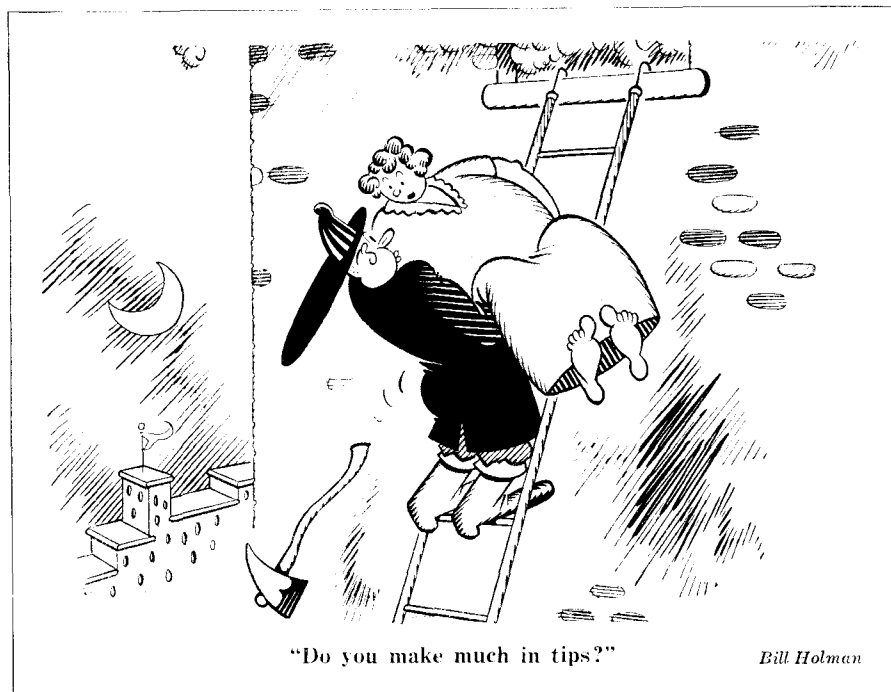
Moretti's eyes widened. "You make a memorial before he's dead?"

"I didn't say that. Somethin' might happen, and we wanted to make sure o' this, to please his mother. It don't do for nobody to know too much, see? This is strictly between us, see?" Carnesi looked with pointed steadiness at the sculptor. "You done a fine job, and we're much obliged to you. But if anything was to slip, Mr. Moretti, we'll know where to find you."

THE agile and self-obliterating Luigi followed the four men down the stairs. He overheard some low-spoken words which he did not quite understand but which Moretti understood when they were repeated to him:

"You let on too much to that sculptor guy."

"Aw, he's all right. Just one o' them artist nuts. But I got his number all right, and he ain't goin' to dare say a word. Besides, he knows where another case o' rye may be comin' from."



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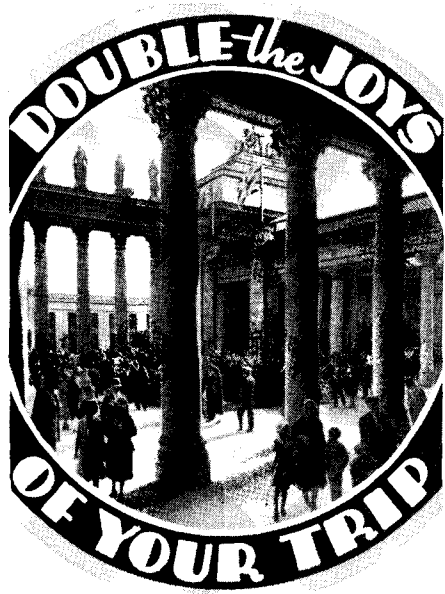
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The Doubts of Owen D. Young

Continued from page 11

the payments are stipulated, the Bank is created and, "at last, ten years after the Armistice, Germany was free. She had a debt to pay but that was all. Her honor, not her freedom, was at stake."

Those last are Mr. Young's own words, but not his last words. Deep in his mind the man who had formulated the Young Plan and given his name to it was convinced of two things. First he was convinced that the Plan would work if it had a chance, and second, he was equally sure that it wouldn't get one. Again he was right, because if the present depression proves anything at all it is that he knew what he was talking about when he said: "The economic fountain has no respect for political frontiers. It is constantly overrunning them and as fast as barriers are erected at national boundaries the pressure of economic forces tends to break them down."

Rail-Fence Rumination

"But what," Mr. Young asks, "about politics?"

And then he answers his own question by saying: "As a result of the Treaty of Versailles political boundaries have been contracted rather than enlarged. Just at the time that business required larger units, coupled with a spirit of internationalism, for its proper growth, politics steps in and develops smaller units and intense nationalism. Therefore either our politics will have to go along with our economics or we will have to keep them in carefully separated compartments."

That is Mr. Young's own conception of the relation between economics and politics. They are not heading for the same place, nor when he comes to this conclusion is he in any way excepting his American brethren. Not a bit of it.

"Our political racketeer," he remarked, "is no better than any other gangster. He gambles recklessly, for his own advantage, with destructive policies both at home and abroad which ultimately end in the very economic depression which we seek to avoid. How can we market either our industrial or agricultural surplus to the rest of the world so long as we act on the principle that we are not interested in the welfare of anyone but ourselves? I had hoped that the old doctrine of narrow, self-destroying selfishness was being supplanted in this country by a consciousness that men could help themselves most by helping others. Isolation in our politics, exclusion in our tariffs, means that as a just penalty for our littleness we will retain the surpluses that we might otherwise market to the world and which, as long as they stay with us, destroy our own prosperity."

That's what Mr. Young thinks about certain phases of American politics; that "the good sense of America will soon overcome their poisonous infection" is one of his sincerest hopes, and yet for some time there was a lot of talk among the Democratic politicians themselves about presenting him with the Democratic Presidential nomination.

He chuckled at the mention of it. "Why," he said as he went back on his well-worn shoulder blades, shoved his long legs out into the distance ahead of him and let his eyes twinkle, "I've heard that story before but it's not worrying me any. I just haven't got the right kind of training to hold down that job in the White House, and anyhow," he added as he reeled off the disqualifications given at the beginning of this article, "look at my record. Could any

political party build up my kind of a platform under me and get away with it? No, I'm immune."

Owen Young never has enjoyed being disturbed and yet it seems it is always happening to him. Every time he has gotten comfortably settled down in a job where everything suited him something has happened to make him take on a bigger one. Apparently he stands up under it all in good shape. He is six feet two inches tall, thin and muscular, and in order to keep healthy he has never had to learn how to drive either a golf ball or an automobile. There is also another pastime common to most people which he never indulges in. He refuses to worry. If a problem comes to him that doesn't seem to resolve easily, he doesn't let it annoy him. He passes it on, takes up something else, and then, in due course of time, and in accord with good psychological law, when he again picks up the knotty question he gets the answer easily.

This does not mean that some of Mr. Young's mental processes are not annoying to others. They are. To illustrate: although Mr. Young never hurries himself he does sometimes tell his assistants to "step on the gas and get those plans finished." They step, they work nights, and when their finished products are laid before him, Mr. Young probably will merely glance at them and toss them aside. That's all, and his assistants want to rave until, maybe a few days later, Mr. Young will remark, quite casually: "Those plans you brought in the other day are all right. But, by the way, did you happen to investigate so and so? It might be well to do that."

When he ever looked at them nobody knows.

Whenever he has really heavy thinking to do he goes to Van Hornesville to attend to it. The rest of the world has changed for Owen D. Young but Van Hornesville hasn't. It's still about the way it was when he was born there; his mother lived there until her death a year ago; everybody in the place still calls him by his first name, and he can still go out sit on the top of the rail fence, look at his herd of Holsteins—direct lineal descendants of a couple of heifers he bought with about the first money he made after he became a law clerk—and think. Rail-fence rumination, that's what that is. It has produced sound ideas.

Half Slave and Half Free

Mr. Young speaks in short, expressive sentences.

"You know," he said when he was asked about the League of Nations, "that I never opposed it. On the contrary, I was in favor of it, but as it has turned out I think I now see that the mistake was made of putting the cart before the horse. In other words, the effort has been made to establish political unity without economic unity, which cannot be done. The League's record up to date proves that. Economic existence is more important to any people on earth than political freedom, and whenever the two come into conflict the latter is always destroyed."

"Take this country as an example. Here we are down in the depths. Why? Partly, I think, because for years we have tried to live half slave and half free. That's exactly what I mean: half slave and half free. For selfish reasons, which can be ascribed about equally to industry and politics, we have created an exclusive tariff barrier around this

country behind which the industrial half of our people are free to make a profit out of their activities, while at the same time the unprotected other half, the agricultural half, is held in bondage not only to the first half but also to the competition of the world as well.

"And to remedy this situation, to balance it, what have the politicians done? Instead of correcting the first blunder they have merely committed several more. Presenting themselves to the farmer as his savior they have created Land Banks, Farm Loan Banks, Intermediate Banks and Farm Boards, all of which have had but one tendency. They have inflated the farmer's business for him with hot air; made him believe in a system of false profits—or you can spell that another way if you want to—caused him to go deeply in debt, because certainly the man who produces our wheat is entitled to as many of the luxuries of life as the one who makes lipsticks, and then, when the balloon has been expanded as far as it will stretch it blows up. That's where we are now. The farmer's credit is exhausted, his purchasing power is gone. He can't buy the things industry produces, can't pay for those he's already bought, in fact, and industry stagnates. That, I honestly believe, is the main thing that is the matter with the United States."

An Unknown Quantity

Mr. Young paused to light his pipe and I inquired: "But what are we going to do about it?"

When his cut plug was again perfuming the room, Mr. Young replied: "We are going to come out of it. We can do it. Right here in this country, with proper economic guidance and substantial government assistance if necessary, we can stimulate an exchange of money, goods and services that will bring us back to a general area of prosperity. I don't know just what that area is. If we are at point sixty now, can we raise ourselves up to seventy or seventy-five? I don't know. That area is an unknown quantity: call it X. But this much I do know. I know that after we have raised ourselves up to this area X we will not attain one hundred until we go into a second area which we will call Y and which represents the world."

"And unless we deal fairly and in terms of economic reciprocity with Y we will never be able to maintain the standards which we have established in X. Because let no man think that the living standards of America can be set permanently at a higher level than those of other civilized countries. Either we shall lift theirs to ours or they will drag ours down to theirs. Tariffs and other petty political barriers, temporarily justifiable, will in the long run only accentuate the trouble. To secure the permanent advantages, then, of economic equilibrium, once we have established it in X, we must go into Y. But we must do so very carefully. We may, for instance, sign magnificent declarations of peace, and beautiful disarmament agreements, but we shall concurrently find, if we adopt a narrow economic policy, an increasing resistance in Y to the disarmament we propose and the peace we seek."

"I have given this matter a great deal of thought, and have implicit faith in the ability of American business men to provide us with a workable scheme that will soon advance us a long step ahead in our endeavor to attain the unknown quantity X. That is our immediate need; later on we can and must tackle Y."

In a Mirror

Continued from page 23

laid floor and hardly-dry plaster were stained with dreadful evidence.

"The real estate guy found her," O'Malley stated. "Auston and her had looked at the place several times before and said they'd buy; so this time nobody came with 'em but they just gave 'em the key. When they didn't come back to complete the purchase and the key wasn't returned, the real estate guy came to find out about it. The door was locked but he had another key, and the shades in this room were drawn."

We went all over the house and O'Malley looked in all the rooms, but we learned nothing more than we already knew.

"What are you doing here, fellow?" one of the plainclothesmen demanded of O'Malley.

"I'm on this case. I'm supposed to be looking for the guy."

"Well, you don't expect to find him here, do you? He got through his business here. Why don't you work on your own island?"

"I guess you're right, at that," O'Malley admitted. "I got no business here."

WE WENT out of the house, but we did not return to Manhattan. Instead, we walked all around the neighborhood and O'Malley examined the surroundings closely. Next to the house was a vacant lot with tall weeds growing in it, and O'Malley picked up among the weeds a small, round piece of glass—a mirror. We went back to the house.

"Did you guys find the girl's vanity?" he asked one of the officers.

"She didn't have none."

"Yeah?" O'Malley said. "You're smart, ain't you? She was out with her beau that she was going to marry, on an all-day excursion, and she didn't have no rouge or even powder with her?"

"We didn't find one, anyway," the officer said, with less assurance.

We went back and looked thoroughly all about in the weeds but we could not find the rest of the vanity. Finally our search brought us to the door of the greenhouse. Inside, a big man with a watering-pot was sprinkling sweet peas. We stood and watched him. Suddenly O'Malley turned around and went back toward the spot where we had found the mirror, and after going a little way he picked up the vanity.

"You've got it now!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, I guess this was hers, all right; it's got her right initial on it. We couldn't find it before because we didn't know where to look. Gee, this is a funny case!"

"Why is it funny?" I inquired.

"It ain't the way it looks."

He put the vanity in his pocket and we went back to the greenhouse. The gardener, who was a muscular man with a stolid, foreign look, turned and stared at us.

"This place for sale?" O'Malley asked him.

"Don't know. The boss ain't here."

"When'll he be back?"

"Maybe two, three days. Don't know. He been away a week now."

"You tell him a guy was here might buy the place and find out what he says. Meantime, I want to look at it."

The greenhouse had a square room with a brick floor, off of which opened a long, dirt-floored gallery, and from this there opened other galleries. We went into the gallery.

"You got nice flowers here," O'Malley commented to the gardener. But I could

see he was not looking at the flowers. "See if it looks like something was buried here," he told me *sotto voce*.

We went through all the galleries, one by one, inspecting them carefully. "How about it?" he inquired.

"I didn't see anything suspicious," I replied; but I didn't know what we were looking for. We had come back to the room with the brick floor.

"How about here?" he asked.

"You can't tell here," I said, "because the floor is brick."

"Yeah? Well, there's a way to find it out."

He picked up the watering-pot which the gardener had been using, filled it at the hydrant and began to pour water on the bricks.

"Hey! what you do there?" the gardener shouted at him, but O'Malley paid him no attention. He filled the watering-pot at the hydrant several times till he had wet all the bricks. Then he stood looking at them. In one place small air bubbles were rising through the water between the bricks, but they stopped as the spot got dry. O'Malley picked up a spade, but now the gardener interfered violently.

"You get out of here!" he shouted. "You got no business here. I put you out!"

He grabbed O'Malley and tried to push him out of the greenhouse.

"Go and get some of them cops," O'Malley directed me.

I did not know what this was all about, but I went to the house and got the cops; I ran. When we returned O'Malley had the gardener backed against the wall and was dislodging some of the bricks. Two of the cops grabbed the gardener and another one helped with the bricks. When they had taken out quite a lot of bricks O'Malley began to dig, while the rest of us peered excitedly down into the hole. They had dug about four feet when O'Malley straightened.

"Well," he said, "we found the guy they said I was to look for. This guy buried here is Auston. They can tear up their flier calling him a murderer. Put the cuffs on that gardener. We'd ought to find her four thousand dollars somewheres around here—it might be buried in a flowerpot."

"EXPLAIN this, O'Malley," I demanded, when we were again in the car.

"You hadn't ought to need any explaining," he replied. "You seen it all. Everybody had this case wrong because it looked so simple. This gardener, whose name, they say, is Mellin, looks dumb, but he's a smart guy. He had the run of the place because his boss is away. Auston and Miss Wells had come out here a lot of times to look at the house, and probably they'd bought flowers here and the gardener talked with 'em. I guess Auston was in love with her, all right. He give her a false name at first because answering the ad was just a joke to him, but I hear from these cops that after he got to know her he give her his right name."

"The day they brought the money out, they may have told the gardener they had it or else he saw it in her handbag. He went up to the house with 'em and he knocked 'em both off. He was a smart guy; he knew that if they found Miss Wells and didn't find Auston, Auston'd be the one suspected and we'd be trying to find him and look for no one else. Maybe he carried Auston's body to the greenhouse covered up with canvas; people were used to seeing him

(Continued on page 44)



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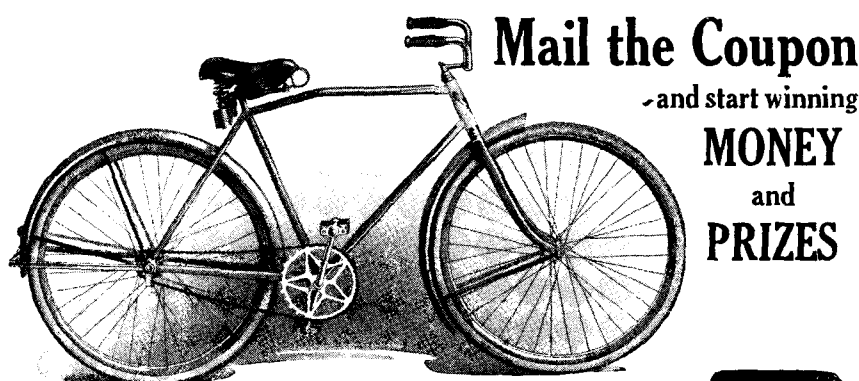
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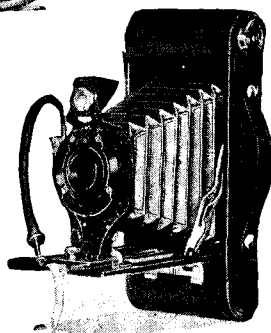
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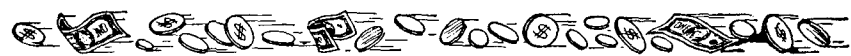
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NO more ice box odors, tainted foods, waste! Revolutionary new discovery—PURATOR—actually "breathes" air and kills odors. Nothing like it anywhere. Makes covering foods unnecessary—any foods may be put in the ice box. Automatic, requires no attention. Guaranteed—pays for itself. Sells on sight to homes, hotels, restaurants, etc. Big demand. Agents pocket up to \$5 in an hour. Repeat profits. Get AMAZING TEST OFFER and full details at once! Big season now—so hurry! St. Louis Mfg. Co., Dept. H-525, Carter & Warne Aves., St. Louis, Mo.

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AMAZING
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WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. Address
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

**MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME**
You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHETT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from page 43)

working around the place and wouldn't suspect anything."

"That's all plain enough," I insisted, "but how did you find it out?"

"Why, I was as wrong on this case as anybody when I come out here. Then I found the mirror out of her vanity. Of course it might not be hers; but she wouldn't be out with her beau without one and they hadn't found one with her things. I figured the vanity had been thrown away by Auston and the mirror had fell out of it; but I couldn't find the rest of it because I thought it had been thrown from near the house and was looking in the wrong place. Then we looked into the greenhouse and the gardener was watering sweet peas. I thought, 'Here's where she got her flowers; so maybe the vanity got thrown away from this place.'"

"I walked from there toward where we'd found the mirror, and there the rest of the vanity was. But if it had been thrown from the greenhouse maybe it hadn't been thrown by Auston but by someone else. Then what had become of him? Had somebody knocked him off with her? I looked all through

the greenhouse to see if there was any sign of ground being disturbed as if Auston had been buried there, but there wasn't. Then I wet down the bricks. When bubbles came up between some of the bricks and that part of the floor got dry much quicker than any other, because the water ran down through the dirt in the cracks, I knew the bricks had been taken up recently and the dirt between 'em was soft.

"It proved to be like I'd said—the gardener grabbed the vanity out of her handbag with the money. When he took the money out of his pocket to hide it in the furnace-room where we found it, he found the vanity with it. He couldn't have that around, so he went to the greenhouse door and threw it away. Even if it was found, he figured, they couldn't connect him with it."

"THAT was good reasoning," I congratulated him, "and this ought to get you promotion."

"You think so? When them Long Island cops get through telling the newspapers how they caught the guy, you won't know there ever was a cop from Manhattan on their island."

Ladies of the Air Waves

Continued from page 14

are interested in their immediate personal life, which largely concerns itself with other children, pet animals, toys and food.

So Madge Tucker went to the broadcasting authorities with an idea to have children entertain children on the ether. The idea was at first not well received—new radio ideas suffer that fate, in common with most new ideas of any kind.

But Miss Tucker, like the famous Tommy of that tribe, has personal charm. She is also intelligent. Comments she made on improving various programs, particularly the often insipid "sustaining" programs which then filled in to a large degree between sponsored or paid-for programs, aroused attention. She won a job in the production department and instantly began to produce her idea of a children's hour. She picked a lame and hard-to-fill time—Sunday morning at nine o'clock. It's difficult to prescribe early Sunday morning entertainment. But she discovered that many listeners subscribed to the doctrine that while it's desirable to keep the Sabbath holy, it's hardly a sin to make it interesting.

Youthful Talent and Tantrums

Recruiting a number of talented children, the first concert was put on one bright Sabbath morn at nine o'clock as The Children's Hour. There were pained expressions on the faces of the studio help as Milton Cross introduced one child after another. Madge Tucker, leading her little charges to the microphone, observed the suffering of the visible audience. It bothered her in no way. She had faith in the invisible audience. In this she was right. There was an immediate mail response.

The Children's Hour on Sunday mornings has been a fixture. But it has had its tribulations.

"Yet," says Miss Tucker, after handling programs with grown-ups, "it's most delightful to work with children. They're willing, hard-working and ever so conscientious."

This judgment is confirmed by another woman of the stage who discovered that a steady engagement in radio was better than intermittent employment back of footlights. She's Miss

Naomi Mack. Broadway knows her well as one of those competent "type" performers who rarely reach stardom but none the less are necessary for the annual crop of native melodrama which, after all, is the backbone of the theatrical season.

Like many of her kind, Miss Mack wearied of the tramp from booking office to booking office, and turned an inquiring eye toward the radio studios. She applied several times for a job without success. Her chance came when one big chain, following in the footsteps of another big chain, decided on a special children's hour. It's the custom of the chains to copy one another with rapidity and fidelity—as radio fans may notice to their boredom.

Yet in the case of Miss Mack's Children's Hour, this repetition produced a contest for quality that worked to the listeners' advantage. She and Miss Tucker competed for talent, but Miss Mack's protégés are more ambitious in their presentations. They take entire plays and put them on. It's more work for Miss Mack than a children's concert, for the kiddies develop theatrical temperament more quickly than theatrical technique.

One budding Katharine Cornell challenged Miss Mack's authority early in the series. A romantic drama was to be played. Liking the quaint touches of maturity in this little girl's voice, Miss Mack assigned to her the part of the princess—the leading rôle. But in the first rehearsal (she gives the children three, whereas most adult performers require four) the leading ladyette didn't qualify.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Mack, "but, Greta darling, we'll have to change your part."

Tears came into the leading lady's nine-year-old eyes. She left the studio in very high dudgeon.

At dress rehearsal, which immediately precedes radio presentation, the injured actress positively glowered at everybody. Yet she read her lines well.

The actual show went on. Miss Mack said no word to her disgruntled protégée. The youngster spoke her lines, then remained in the studio till the end of the show, watching with bird-like eyes every motion of the youngster who had replaced her in the leading female

rôle. The play ended; at a signal from the control-room, the hour went off the air and the youngsters scrambled for hats and coats. Then Miss Mack saw her budding Katharine Cornell pass through an agonized moment of spiritual struggle. The child arose, stalked to the leading lady and, with tears trickling down her cheeks, kissed her. "You were swell," she said, and broke into sobs.

The thing to guard against, Miss Mack has learned, is jealousy, or unconscious wounding of child pride. She has scores of these youngsters on her card-indexes, catalogued for the rôles they are best fitted to play—straight heroines, romantic rôles, heavy villains, light comedians, even sirens. One precocious miss, aged seven, is the most accomplished child siren on the air. Her voice is silky, with naughty intonation, and she flirts as she reads. There's an eleven-year-old villain, too, trained to "grr" with vicious effectiveness.

The End of the Bedtime Story

Miss Mack—a buxom and blond young woman—with a suavely humorous method of speech and action, claims to have learned more from her pupils than she's been able to teach them, despite her many years' experience on Broadway and the road.

"In all," she says, "I suppose we have on our roster one hundred or more active players. Then there are the parents of another hundred children trying to work their prodigies into the studios. Frankly, dealing with the parents takes more time and tact than dealing with the children.

"With the youngsters, it's better to let them have their heads with the parts, once you're sure they have the right quality of voice. Most of them are natural actors and few of them nervous.

"When temperament arises," the director says, "I don't scold. I just leave the child alone, and he or she works out the little problem—and comes around to a realization that teamwork makes the program, not individual emphasis."

The work of Miss Tucker and Miss Mack in organizing and operating children's hours over the chains has inspired gifted young women of many an independent station to do likewise. Indeed, their success has practically ruined the bedtime-story industry over the air, for kiddies and their parents express a strong preference for concert parties and plays for children instead of the mythical adventures of Bre'r Rabbit as reported by radio uncles and aunts who obviously condescend to their material and, what is more risky, to their audiences.

It was to be expected that eventually enterprising and able young women would find their niches in radio by producing child entertainment. But nobody would have thought that mimicking the youngest of the young would bring about additional items in the Female Help Wanted columns.

Up in a Vermont girls' camp one day a young woman named Sallie Belle Cox read a newspaper item bemoaning the fact that no lifelike imitation of a crying baby was possible over the air. Without pausing to wonder why anybody should bemoan a blessing, Miss Cox packed up and came to New York. Despite her persistence, this youngster from Parkersburg had to wait three or four weeks for an audition. A young man named Peter Dixon—playing a daily serial of two newlyweds who had been wed long enough to have an energetic occupant of a bassinet—heard her.

"You're the best baby I've heard yet," he told Miss Cox. Mrs. Dixon surveyed the slim young blond person and approved. Radio critics who had

heard babies imitated by all sorts of devices, from mechanical contraptions to stout, middle-aged men, heard Miss Cox and pronounced the baby a baby. Indignant Middle-Western mothers protested that no baby should be permitted to cry over the air in that disturbing manner. One outraged lady even came to the studio to pour the vials of her wrath on anybody who'd be callous enough to stick pins in an infant for radio effects. Miss Cox was made.

While lifelike imitation of a gurgling or yowling infant is Miss Cox's niche in radio, another lady shows more versatility. Mrs. Laura Nichols was married to the most efficient set of off-stage noises on the air. Mr. Nichols' repertoire included sound effects that would give you the eight-fifteen train leaving the suburbs for the city, Mount Vesuvius in eruption, Niagara Falls in one of its less genial moods or any occupant of the zoo. Perhaps overwork had something to do with his demise. Mrs. Nichols found herself widowed, and there were a family and a household to support. She had seen and heard her husband industriously practice his effects, so she knew his every trick and nuance of sound. The chain over which he had worked suffered by his going. Fastidious listeners complained that the sound effects were not up to par.

When the widow appeared and asked for a job, the studio managers were inclined to doubt her. But they gave her auditions—and a chance. Now Mrs. Nichols is the most expert lady sound effect in the business; and she's added to her husband's repertoire with a perfect imitation of an autogiro, which he had never quite mastered.

Rosaline Green is another specialist who has found radio more alluring and more profitable than her original profession, which was that of teacher. Miss Green was a student at State College in New York between turns in the schoolroom. The studio manager of WGR in Schenectady, eager to build up sustaining programs, invited some of the students to read plays. Miss Green was among them. They were not very good. The other students didn't know it, but she did. So she went to Troy one day and got a job in a local stock company. Up at State College students are forbidden outside occupations. But Troy isn't far away, and Rosaline was able to commute without detection of her nocturnal occupation. Until a professor stopped her in a corridor one day.

Most Perfect Air Voice

"Wait a minute, young woman," he said. "You resemble very much the leading lady I saw perform in The Merchant of Venice in Troy last night."

The jig was up. Rosaline went to WGR, explained her tough spot, was instantly engaged and in due time was crowned the most perfect female voice on the air.

That's an unusual distinction, bestowed on her at a radio world's fair. Female voices on the air, excepting those of prima donna singers like Galli-Curci, Geraldine Farrar, Jeritza and the professional actresses such as Margaret Anglin, Laurette Taylor or the etherized if not very ethereal songbirds like Kate Smith and Vaughn de Leath—have not gained wide popularity. Hence the singular good fortune of Miss Green. There are some others like her, as, for instance, Virginia Gardiner, who sings as well as talks—with extraordinary facility. And here and there you'll find a new voice and a new name being given an experimental opportunity to conduct a program orally. Mrs. Blake and her radio column is an outstanding example. For the most part, the ladies of the radio who are not specifically

blues singers—or female crooners—find their opportunities greatest behind the mike, however, not before it.

One of the most successful musical arrangers on the air is Minnie Blauman. She was at the music counter of a five-and-ten-cent store in Brooklyn, hammering a piano to sell ten-cent sheet music, when Irving Berlin gave her a job and subsequent credentials that transferred her from his cathedral in Tin Pan Alley to the Columbia studios. There she had little to do, until one afternoon a fairly popular sustaining star failed to report for a program. Minnie was in a near-by studio, slapping the keys—and crooning. A frantic production man rushed in.

"Come and fill in," he barked. "We've a gap."

"What can I do?" asked Minnie.

"What you're doing now."

Minnie went in and for fifteen minutes, thrust on her own resources, she made the most of them, playing Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and other spirituals with her own hitherto unpublicized side frills of moans and groans. Frank Black happened to overhear this.

"That's a natural," said he. Coming from Mr. Black, that was a recommendation, for he's the outstanding arranger in radio music. Minnie was given a chance to show what she could do with an orchestra. The result was the famous Chant of the Jungle with animal noises, throaty vibrations of dancing savages and the like. Now she's the female music-arranger most in demand in all the studios.

"Speaking as Lady to Lady"

Practically every sizable advertising agency now has a special radio staff, and these staffs are "womaned" quite as much as they are "manned." It's the general tradition that women can touch off radio appeal to women more effectively than men.

Certainly in the daytime programs, which are aimed primarily at women listeners and which, of course, occupy by far the greater part of the time all stations are on the air, women have almost a monopoly. The veteran Mrs. Julian Heath's "better home" chats have been a coast-to-coast feature for years. There's the young and charming Mrs. Claudine MacDonald, who's equally at home talking about horses or about housekeeping.

Go up to the headquarters of any of the chains and you'll have eyefuls of charming hostesses greeting you on all floors. But if you think that they are the female sex's most bountiful contribution to radio, look into the offices, if permitted, and you'll find as many women in executive capacities as men. Miss Bertha Brainard of N. B. C., for instance.

When you venture from the big spots in radio to visit the smaller-town stations outside New York and Chicago, you'll understand why it's a new and promising field for women. For, until the chain programs spread over their link units, each station must fill in its own time. Not one of them but has its women performers who prepare and usually perform program of calisthenics, cultural and shopping service. Indeed, the one hundred and forty-seven sizable stations have as many women managers as men.

Mussolini recently issued an edict that no female announcers should be heard over Italian broadcasts. In the United States the public long ago made it unnecessary for any such edict. But that hasn't stopped the ladies. They know that back of every announcer there are ten jobs necessary to create, write and produce programs. The ladies are after those jobs. And getting them. And keeping them.

*I seldom
boast*



I don't say I'm the first woman to discover this. Perhaps thousands have done the same thing.

But I searched for something really refreshing to drink in hot weather. I regretted that iced coffee kept me awake. For that's the most satisfying summer drink.

Then I found that *iced* Kaffee Hag Coffee is perfectly delicious. It doesn't affect me at all!

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee cannot bother nerves or digestion. Cannot cause sleeplessness. For 97% of the caffeine and indigestible wax are removed from this delicious blend of coffee.

We think (and many women have told us the same thing) that Kaffee Hag Coffee is wonderful served frosty-cold. As fine flavor as you ever tasted. And it is certainly refreshing on warm days.

Try this more healthful coffee—*iced*! Your grocer has Kaffee Hag Coffee—now packed in Super-Vacuum. All the freshness and flavor are preserved. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

New Treatment for CORNS

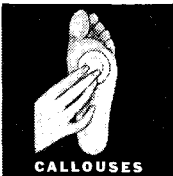


Ends Pain At Once— Quickly Removes Corns!

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, inventor of scores of famous foot reliefs, made this discovery. It stops pain instantly. It relieves pressure of new or tight shoes. It heals sore toes. It safely loosens and removes corns and calluses in 2 days! All in the simplest, safest, most scientific manner ever known!

Complete Treatment!

The addition of new specially Medicated Disks, included in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads at no extra cost, makes this double-acting treatment the most thorough and economical ever perfected. Use these thin Disks in conjunction with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, and your corn and callous troubles will be ended! At all drug, dept. and shoe stores.



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CORNS
BETWEEN TOES

**Dr. Scholl's
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Put one on—the pain is gone!

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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SPENCERIAN
"The Best Pen Name"
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**GOLD NIB
IRIDIUM TIP**

... a pen for long wear and smooth writing ... with all the features of expensive makes ... scientific feed that keeps the point supplied with ink without coarsening ... patented filling device permitting a really generous ink capacity ... Pyroxylin barrels in black and

brilliant modern color effects. Worthy in every way to bear the Spencerian name. And a price that spells outstanding value, even in these days of greater values. See it, try it, at all good stores.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Clouds on the Circle-P

Continued from page 19

Further irritation enveloped him when he thought of the changed boundary line, for it meant certain fuel for a quiescent fire, but after an interval of thought, he got an axe and turned along an upper trail that went through a scanty stand of yellow pine and down to a flat beyond. His beef lay scattered, pleasant to the eye, and Chicken Foot Creek, when he forded it, made a liquid silver contrast to the surrounding parched hardpan. A quarter-mile on, he came to a gravelly dry wash running beside the foot of another small ridge; and by degrees he worked back to an approximate corner of his territory. At this point he got down and let his horse graze, himself blazing a fence line against the occasional cottonwoods and junipers. He was deep in this chore when a strident, challenging hail swung around him. Vee Morgan and one brother—Len—stood dismounted beside a boulder fifty feet away.

"WHAT in hell you putterin' around here for?" demanded Vee.

They were slightly apart, one on either side of the boulder, and he measured the scene with a noncommittal, understanding glance. "Correcting my line," he drawled. "The old survey put it here before Chicken Foot jumped its course. You've been usin' a slice of my land, Morgan. I'm stringin' up a fence."

"If you want a fight," said Vee Morgan, surly and watchful, "you don't have to go to all this rigmarole."

"If I wanted to pick a fight with you, Vee, I wouldn't go roundabout," grunted Paisley.

Vee Morgan held his tongue. Paisley felt the man's eyes searching him for a hidden gun. "Look here," said Vee finally, "if that creek jumped over in '82, yore right is outlawed. The land is mine by right of use."

"Not if there was no fence up," contradicted Paisley.

Vee Morgan shifted and his natural impatience got the best of him. "You'll string no wire here."

"I'm puttin' it up," said Paisley.

He had never worn a belt and holster; had sworn never to. At such times as he felt the need of a weapon he tucked a .45 inside his pants top. But today he was completely unarmed and all that kept the Morgans from realizing it was the coat he wore. That uncertainty on their part was his only protection. Vee's moody, triangular face was warped with sullen anger and his gun arm hung slightly crooked beside his thigh; after a long, uncertain quiet he shifted and compromised the chance.

"If it's any satisfaction to blaze trees and dig holes in this heat, go ahead. But tack up a single piece of wire and see how sudden grief comes down on your coco."

"Morgan," said Paisley, "it is a pretty dumb man who lets public opinion push him into gunplay. This country is big enough for us all."

Vee Morgan stared, jeered: "And now we'll pray. Come on, Len."

Motionless, Paisley watched them wheel over the ridge. Then he continued blazing the line.

At daylight he saddled and cantered eastward on the Box-Arrow road. It went angling up a ridge and over to a farther valley, in the depths of which he saw the spreading Box-Arrow quarters. Riding along in thorough ease, he forgot about the deadlocked problem, but it returned to him suddenly and redoubled when he rounded the Box-Arrow main house. Jim Acklin

and his daughter, Irene, stood on the porch; Vee Morgan sat on his horse, poised for departure.

Vee Morgan's wiry frame went stiff, the morose darkness of his pointed face increased. Wheeling his pony he said, "So this is the fair lad? Our great, silent man!" And leaving that stinging retort behind, he galloped away.

Acklin pulled at his cavalry mustache. "You're goin' to have trouble with that fellow, Thorpe."

Paisley watched Irene. She had come to the bottom of the steps and stood with her chin tipped at him, smiling out of eyes that, gray and level as they were, filled swiftly with points of eager light. She was tall, a girl with corn-colored hair and supple shoulders; and about her was a deep quiet somehow disturbed by a lurking gayety.

"I'm here," drawled Paisley, "to take up the option on a promise of yours. Tonight's the Cattleman's Dance. Yes or no?"

"I told Vee Morgan you were taking me," said she, "so it must be the truth."

"I'll be around at seven, then."

"You're goin' to have trouble with Vee Morgan," repeated Acklin.

"I've heard it said before," replied Paisley, and swung back onto the road. He rode into his own yard with rebellion roweling his spirit.

Old Zim Buhl sat in the shade of the locust tree beside a skinny stable horse.

"You're single-handed," announced Zim. "I'll stick around an' keep an eye peeled."

Paisley said harshly: "Go back to town. You want to give the Morgans a chance to slaughter you cold for the old grudge they got against you?"

"Might be some protest on my part, Thorpe. Hell, I'd make no complaint to go out in a bust of glory."

"Thanks, Zim. But it ain't a bet."

Zim rose and climbed to his saddle, stiff and slow. "There ain't much an old duffer can do," he said, inexpressibly sad, "but get in the way. Mark this, Thorpe, when a man's old he has got nothin' to live on but memories. Don't make any mistakes now that you'll later regret."

STANDING there, boots deep in the Circle-P dust, watching Zim Buhl ride off, an odd feeling of ease passed through him like medicine quenching an ache. It was queer, unexplainable—yet the inner jangling utterly ceased, leaving him with a clear head. He threw the cigarette to the dust, wheeled and went to the corral. He hitched a team to the flat-bed wagon, tossed in a post-hole digger, a crowbar, an axe, a rifle and a spindle of barb-wire. Then, unsaddling and throwing his pony horse back into the corral, he drove west over the ridge and down into the flat of Chicken Foot Creek.

He worked steadily, rifle propped against the nearest tree, through the surcharged heat of the day. He slashed his fence line, dug an occasional hole where the trees fell off and made his posts out of cottonwood branches, tamping them into place; and around four o'clock, with one section of the line ready for stringing, he dumped the spindle of barb-wire to the ground.

That single spindle would cover very little of the distance, but its purpose was otherwise. The Morgans, cruising over—as they surely would, to see how he made out—would find the wire lying there. It was, in effect, Thorpe Paisley's challenge—his clear statement of purpose: they could make up their minds to accept it or bring it to issue.

"In the mornin' I'll tack it up," said he, climbing to the wagon. "If they want to contest the point, good and well."

Riding home, he made his supper, cleaned up and hitched a buggy. At seven he wheeled in front of the Acklin house, handed Irene in, and set out for Trail Town.

"Clear and cool," said the girl. "And no storm in the distance, Thorpe?"

"A little cloudy over by the Circle-P," drawled Paisley.

"My father went to town early. Not pleased with himself, or you."

"The Paisleys ain't what they used to be, Irene."

"Never mind. Here I am, Thorpe, if that's any help to you."

She wore a heavy cloth coat, the collar of it falling away from her bare throat; a silver bandeau made a dimly luminous circle around her hair. Faint perfume clung to her, and her body fell against him, frankly, comfortably, without false modesty. One slim shoe tapped on the dashboard in rhythm with the jogging horses.

"If I answered that properly," drawled Thorpe, "we'd never get to town."

"Drive on," said Irene, muffled music in the words. "We'll be coming back this way."

TRAIL TOWN'S glow made a red halo in the distance, and when they topped the last intervening ridge all its light points broke brilliantly through the deep velvet cloak of the night. A softened staccato rumble came out to meet them. Abreast Remsen's corral, Irene turned suddenly toward him, the latent laughter out of her voice. "Keep to your own way. Don't let them rag you."

"Good girl. I'll let you off at the lodge hall and go on to stable this team."

He tooled the buggy through a jam of riders and people cruising aimlessly afoot, drawing it abreast the yellow fan-wise gush coming out of the hall's open double doors. When he let her down the surge of the crowd carried her slowly away from him; some shrill, yipping voice said, "Hi, Thorpe!" And as he looked about, trying to locate the man, he saw many faces turned on him, strangely saturnine in those shadows where the red edges of light distorted the dark. The dissonance of fiddle and guitar tuning up for the dance followed him all the way to the stable. He left the rig for the hostler to handle and started out; old Zim Buhl came, checked sharply.

"Thorpe—seen anybody?"

"Who?"

Old Zim's white head turned slowly from side to side. "Morgans are in town—all five of 'em."

"They are free to come and go."

"I never fought the Springers for nothin'," warned old Zim. "They was yellow alone, wildcats together. And they was vain men. They played to the crowd. Morgans ain't no different." Looking down at Paisley's waist, he added a more peremptory phrase: "Where's your gun?"

Paisley shook his head and moved silently out of the stable, warned and disturbed by some odd shift of the crowd's temper. Two men ran off the street in different directions and the sidewalks suddenly boiled with a receding tide until all that dusty strip between buildings, one moment ago filled with cross-traffic, was clear. A woman screamed and a man, cursing

broadly for right of way, plunged into a saloon, pushing her in front of him. Out in the dust stood a spindle of barbed wire with a lantern shedding light over it and over a white square of cardboard. It was clear then to Paisley—the whole story was before him. But he went on until his searching eyes read what that cardboard contained:

"Here's the barb-wire Thorpe Paisley didn't string along Chicken Foot Creek."

Turning, he walked rapidly back to the stable. Zim Buhl, stationed against the wall, said nothing as Paisley entered, but when the younger man came out again, belt buckled around his broadcloth coat, the old man launched a last warning:

"They'll trick you, Thorpe. But go smash 'em boy!"

PAISLEY walked to the middle of the street. Out of the darkness beyond the lodge hall, out yonder in the direction of Remsen's corral, rose Vee Morgan's shouted challenge:

"Paisley—don't hide behind people's skirts! Come out here where it's clear!"

Paisley wheeled and went on. He reached the spindle of barb-wire, capsize the lantern with one blow of his arm; a long sheet of flame sprang violently up and when that light died Paisley was in the farther shadows, out of sight.

Zim Buhl sprang from the stable wall, ran across the street and into Tolan's saddle shop. Tolan, stationed at the door, said irritably: "If you want anything come back later." But old Zim Buhl reached across the counter, seized Tolan's own .45 lying on a shelf ledge, and ran out again. At the lodge hall's back corner he halted; then, seeing nothing in the darkness surrounding Remsen's corral, he strode across the open on the balls of his feet, and crouched beside an upright post. It was to him an old chapter opened again. For here, within a probable twenty feet of this spot, he had stood one fall night in the year 1883 and had shot it

out with the Springers. And as he reviewed his surroundings, the present ceased to be, and the past became actual.

"Dan Springer," muttered Zim, voice roughened, "off there on my flank, Willie yonder, and Tobe a-runnin' around on my right—"

Paisley reached the street-end and faced the darkness beyond. He was a fair target for the Morgans hidden somewhere by the corral and so, with quick, angling steps, he rounded the lodge hall—a lodge hall crowded with whispering people—and got against its black side. Somebody stirred to his left and somebody's breathing came toward him, quick and short and roughened. Roused now and past caring, he ran the fifty feet intervening and struck Remsen's pole and rawhide compound with a force that set up a dismal drumming throughout those close-woven members. The breathing on his left seemed to stop altogether but to the right he picked up the definite squeal and shuffle of boots in the dust and he turned that way with an odd wonder as to the sudden stifling density of the night. A man came out of the black in hurtling strides, straight into his pointed gun. There was a belched word—the blackest of black curses—when Paisley's bullet broke him in the middle and sent him down.

HE HEARD the beat of the gun sink into a general rising roar. A bullet chipped the pole beside him and a splinter stung his face. The corral was drumming out one thick vibration after another and through its interstices he saw the knifing muzzle lights of the scattered Morgans. He had never stopped his rightward circle and he didn't stop now, though there was an odd play of guns on the far side—a back-and-forth explosion that was unexplainable. Over there a Morgan yelled, the echo of it breaking off on a high, weird note; and out of the foreground, straight ahead of him and removed several paces from the corral,

Vee Morgan's voice rose in trembling, indescribable passion:

"Paisley—may you burn in hell!"

Paisley rolled aside, the flash of Morgan's fire mushrooming in his face. His own answer seemed wild, his succeeding one failed as well, for he felt the reverberation of a bullet at his feet; but afterward his adjusting eyesight got the shift of the man's body yonder and he flung the rest of his lead at Vee with a cold, killer's rage. When the hammer clicked on an empty he threw the cylinder open, dully surprised. There was no answer from this Morgan, no talk, and the shadow was gone. All other gunplay had ceased utterly and nothing came through the blackness but the drip of water out of a near-by tank; nothing but this and the stamp and stumble of men retreating. There were two of them, he thought, as the last shred of sound faded into the receptive silence of the desert. He said to himself slowly, as if he were another man, "I've smashed them. They will never come back." And he wheeled to meet an approaching semicircle of men. Lanterns flashed in his face. He stopped, tremendously tired. The men he saw around him were those he had known all his life, yet their faces were strangers' faces—even Acklin's. Acklin was saying in a sort of constrained, heart-felt manner:

"Well, boys, the Paisleys are with us again. Here's Wild Tom's son."

"All right," said Paisley, "if it has to be, then it will be!" He never meant to have them hear it this way—a little blunt and domineering, and sure beyond all thought of doubt. But he suddenly remembered that as a boy he had seen his father standing with his shoulders squared and speaking in the same manner of confidence, and it came to him then he would never regret the night. Irene Acklin rushed through the crowd with a swift, agitated pleading: "Let me past—let me by!" And Thorpe Paisley, profoundly stirred, felt her body tremble against him.

"This is what you'll have to expect in marryin' me, Irene."

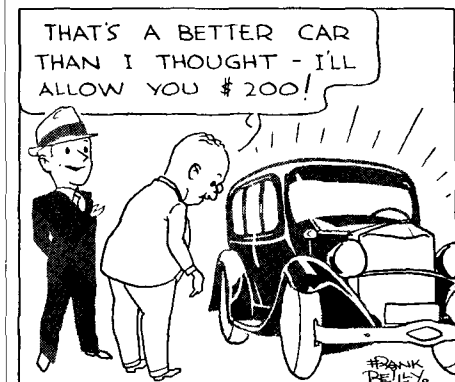
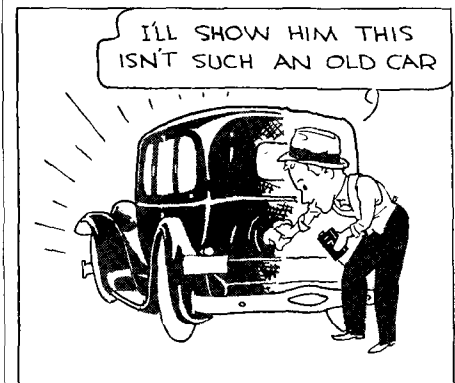
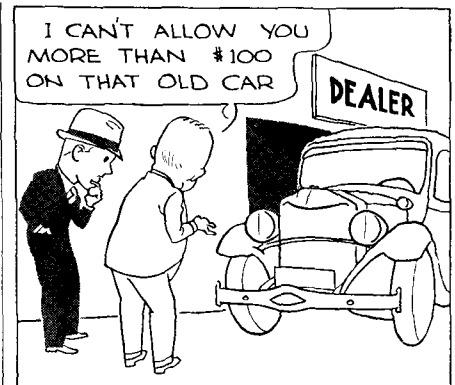
"Never mind—never mind!"

Someone on the outer edge of the circle spoke abruptly: "Where's Zim Buhl? He grabbed a gun out of my place and run, before the scrape started."

Before the words were out, Paisley had seized a lantern and turned back. He knew the meaning, then, of that steady duel of guns over on his left during the fight; and, with the crowd behind him, he circled the corral. They found the old man lying at the base of it, face down in the dust, a gun full of exploded shells in his fist, and a bullet hole making a clean breach of that tough old heart which had pumped so much life through him. Not far from him sprawled Hugh, the third dead Morgan.

ACCORDING to official record, Zim Buhl died of a gunshot on the night of August 2, 1901, behind Remsen's corral, just outside of Trail Town. But this was error—the error of a world that must have its explanations literally. For when in the depths of the darkness, with the powder flashes flickering through it and men crying out, and the guns crashing wild violence to the heavens—when the bullet hit him, it was to interrupt and to transfix a far different belief in the old man's brain. He was tall, tawny-haired; the hot blood of manhood boiled through him and he roared his massive defiance to his ancient enemies. The time was around 1883. The West was young and so was Zim, and life was zest and high adventure.

It was, as he would have been the first to say, a satisfying end.



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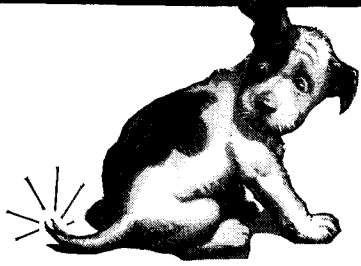
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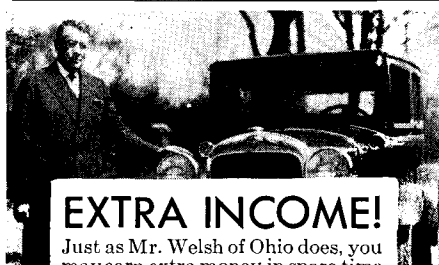
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papers. I remember reading about it when I was in a beauty parlor with Mrs. Willoughby Simms. She had got hold of a Daily Mirror and was looking at the photographs. . . .

"Photographs!"
"There was a photograph of Lady Beatrice. . . ."

"And of this fellow Franklyn?"

"No. Only of Lady Beatrice. I was interested, of course, because I knew Mr. Franklyn."

"Knew him!"

"Well, I knew all about him, and I knew people in America who knew him."

"Have you ever met him?" asked Mr. Gedge, speaking in a thin, faint voice like the death rattle of one of the smaller *Infusoria*.

"No, I never actually met him. But I've heard a great many stories about him. Everybody said he was very wild. He is the young man, if you remember, who came into a great deal of money when he left college some years ago. I always say it is a mistake for men to have money."

The doctrine was one with which Mr. Gedge was not in sympathy, and at another time he might have contested it with some warmth. But relief had rendered him incapable of speech. He was leaning back with closed eyes. Mrs. Gedge, who always preferred a silent audience when she was talking, proceeded equably:

"Here is what I think must have happened: It looks to me very much as if this young man Franklyn has sneaked off to St. Rocque on some escapade, and Lady Beatrice has found it out and has come to take him back. She said 'a friend.' It would have to be a very close friend to bring her all this way."

Mr. Gedge's relief had been of but brief duration. The question he was now asking himself, a question which made him feel as if snakes were crawling over him, was this: What if this infernal girl's search for her errant fiancé led her to the Château Blissac? He had never been entirely easy about his heart, though several doctors had assured him of its perfect soundness. A little more of this, and there would, he was convinced, shortly be another lucrative job for the St. Rocque mortician. He awoke from these reflections to find that Mrs. Gedge was asking him a question.

"Eh?"

"I said: How do you like the vicomte?"

THE sensation of panic which had been gripping Mr. Gedge had now to some extent subsided. It would be too much to say that he was at his ease once more, but he was telling himself that he had possibly overestimated the extent of his peril. After all, there was very little chance of the girl trailing Packy to the château.

"He's fine," he replied.

"You get on well together?"

"Oh, sure. There's one thing you'll notice about that bird," said Mr. Gedge, feeling that this ought to be made clear at once. "You would almost take him for an American."

"He has traveled quite a good deal in America, I believe."

"That's right. Sure. That explains it. I just thought I'd mention it in case you wondered when you saw him. He talks like an American, too."

"How is his appetite?"

Mr. Gedge was puzzled.

"His appetite?"

"Yes. Is he eating enough?"

"Sure. Why?"

"Well," said Mrs. Gedge maternally, "when I was in Paris arranging with his mother about taking the château and she showed me all those photographs of him, it seemed to me that he was much too thin. Almost delicate, I thought he looked. Dissipation, I suppose."

Mr. Gedge made no comment on the diagnosis. He was leaning limply back in his seat blowing little air bubbles. If the St. Rocque mortician could have beheld him now, he would have given him a very sharp look and instructed his assistants to get ready for the big rush of business.

PACKY pondering on the terrace, had not yet hit upon that bright idea of which he was in search. It seemed, indeed, farther off than ever, and he was on the verge of confessing himself baffled when he saw that Mr. Gedge had come out of the house and was hurrying in his direction as if desirous of having speech with him. He went to meet him, rather welcoming the opportunity of relaxing his brain in idle chatter, even with Mr. Gedge.

"Hullo. So you're back? Has Mrs. Gedge arrived?"

A muscular spasm contorted the little man's face.

"She's arrived!" he said.

Packy eyed him with some concern. "Is something the matter?"

One of the hollowest laughs that had ever been heard on the terrace of the Château Blissac broke gratingly upon the afternoon stillness.

"Oh, no. There's nothing the matter. Nothing whatever. Except that when Mrs. Gedge was in Paris she saw fifty-seven varieties of photographs of the real Vicomte de Blissac and she looked out of the window just now and saw you and said, 'Who's that piece of cheese?' and I said, 'That's the vicomte,' and she said, 'Like heck it's the vicomte.' And she's sent me out here to fetch you in and explain. Outside of that, everything's fine."

In transmitting to a third party a *résumé* of a conversation, what it is necessary to convey is not so much the actual words as the spirit of the thing. This Mr. Gedge had succeeded in doing. Packy leaped like a startled fawn, and his brain, to which he had hoped to grant a brief rest, began whirling again under the fullest pressure.

"What did you tell her?"

"What could I tell her? I just said, 'Well, darn it, how was I to know?' I said you blew in, claiming to be the vicomte, and I naturally thought you were the vicomte. It went all right, but what," said Mr. Gedge, plying his handkerchief like a bath towel, "is the use of that?" In about two minutes she'll start telegraphing to Paris, asking what's become of the real one. Or maybe she'll phone the police without waiting to telegraph."

Until this moment, it had seemed to Packy that his brain was incapable of further activity. He supposed that he had tested it to the uttermost. But now it was as if he had shifted gears and suddenly discovered a speed superior to that which he had always imagined to be high.

His drawn brow suddenly cleared.

"It's all right."

"I'm glad you think so."

"I've had an idea."

"It better be a good one."

"It is. It's a pippin."

Packy looked about him cautiously.

The house, where Mrs. Gedge lurked, was well out of earshot, but with a woman like that you never knew.

"Tell me, where does Mrs. Gedge insure her stuff?"

"What stuff?"

"Her jewels and so on."

"What do you want to know for?"

"It's vital. If you can't remember, we're sunk."

"We're sunk already."

"Not if you know the name of that insurance company."

"Of course I know it. It's the New York, London and Paris. But where does that get us?"

Packy tapped himself on the chest.

"Meet one of the boys."

"What boys?"

"One of the New York, London and Paris boys. One of their large staff of watchful detectives. I was sent here to keep an eye on Mrs. Gedge's jewels."

"What!"

"That's my story, and I'm going to stick to it. Where do I find Mrs. Gedge?"

"She's in the library."

"I'll go to her at once. Good-by!"

THE library of the Château Blissac was on the ground floor, looking out on the drive. Awnings hung over its windows, shutting out the sun and rendering the interior dim. But it did not render it so dim that Packy, entering, was unable to see Mrs. Gedge and see her clearly. And at the spectacle his fortitude wavered a little. He had expected his hostess to be slightly on the formidable side, and this she unquestionably was. He did not like the expression in her eyes, nor the ominous tightness of her lips. For that matter, he did not like the way her hands were opening and shutting.

However, he advanced with what confidence he could muster and took a seat.

Sitting, he felt better. Not any too good, but better.

"How do you do, Mrs. Gedge?" he said.

He received no first-hand information as to how Mrs. Gedge did. The menacing woman did not even bow. She looked as if she had been hewn from the living rock.

"I have just been talking to Mr. Gedge."

Again no comment.

"He tells me you are aware that I am not the Vicomte de Blissac."

This time there was a reaction. Quite unmistakably his hostess gave evidence of being flesh and blood. She had not expected this airy jauntiness, and she started perceptibly.

"He is a friend of mine, though. And when I explained to him how necessary it was that I should come to the château, he agreed to let me take his place. I am . . ."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gedge, finding speech at last. "I should like to hear your name. Or at least one of your aliases."

Packy laughed. He hoped it was a merry laugh, but was not quite sure. It had sounded a little hacking to him.

"My dear Mrs. Gedge! Are you under the impression that I am a criminal?"

"Yes."

Packy smiled this time. Smiling was easier.

"Let me explain."

"You can explain to the police."

"They wouldn't understand me. I can't talk French. Mrs. Gedge, you insure your jewelry with the London, Paris and New York."

"You seem well informed."

"Yes. You see, I am in their employment. And they sent me here."

"What!"

"I am one of their large staff of detectives."

Once more astonishment gave Mrs. Gedge that faint suggestion of being human after all.

"You expect me to believe that?"

"I hope you will believe it."

"Well, go on."

Her manner was not what in the strictest sense could be called encouraging, but Packy proceeded:

"They sent me here to keep an eye on your valuables. St. Rocque, though you may not know it, is a great place for crooks in the season. They collect here in droves. The place is stiff with them. My company had reason to believe that an attempt was to be made on your jewels. . . ."

"What reason?"

PACKY wished this woman would not ask him questions. He found the going so much easier when he was allowed to deliver a monologue. This particular question seemed to call for a little quick thinking, and he did some.

"There is a criminal actually in the house," he said impressively.

Again Mrs. Gedge's eyes closed. This appeared to be her substitute for speech, and not a bad one, either. At any rate, she conveyed her meaning quite clearly to Packy. There was, indeed, her eyelids seemed to say, a criminal in the house.

He hastened to support his statement with corroborative detail. And it is one more proof of how irony is never far distant in this life of ours that not for an instant did he dream of casting aspersions on the Duc de Pont-Andemer. Mr. Carlisle was an artist, and Packy had accepted him at face value without question.

"Senator Opal is a guest of yours."

"Are you trying to suggest that Senator Opal is a criminal?"

"No. But he has one in his employment."

It cost Packy something of a pang thus to throw Blair Eggleston to the wolves, but he consoled himself with the thought that any little added inconvenience which might ensue could scarcely affect a man who for nearly a week had been in the senator's employ as a valet.

"When you have been here longer and have had leisure to take a look at the domestic staff, you will notice a small, furtive man, the senator's personal attendant. Eggleston he calls himself. We know him as English Ed."

Watching his hostess closely, he was gratified to observe another ripple pass over her surface. He took it to indicate the dawn of a feeling that there might possibly be something in this. He went on, encouraged:

"But I was explaining how I came to be here in the name of the Vicomte de Blissac. As I told you, he is a friend of mine, and happening to run into him and learning that he was about to be your guest I saw a solution to the problem which had been bothering me. It was essential, you see, that I should find some way of establishing myself in the château in such a manner that this English Ed would not become suspicious of me, and here it was. I put the whole thing to the vicomte, and he readily agreed to allow me to come here in his place. And so far the man Ed has suspected nothing."

"You are really a friend of the Vicomte de Blissac?"

"Known him for years."

Mrs. Gedge leaned forward keenly.

"What is his first name?"

"Maurice," said Packy promptly.

Mrs. Gedge leaned back again. The result of her test had left her uncer-

tain. Still half skeptical, she was beginning to believe.

"Well, it all seems very extraordinary to me."

"I suppose so."

"Why did not the London, Paris and New York people tell me they were sending you here?"

There was faint reproof in Packy's voice as he answered the question:

"It is foreign to the policy of the London, Paris and New York management to alarm their clients unnecessarily. They do good by stealth."

Mrs. Gedge brooded.

"Are you sure about this man Eggleston?"

"Quite."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"I shall keep him under close observation."

"And in the meantime, no doubt," said Mrs. Gedge tartly, "he will be murdering me in my bed."

Something of the sensations which he had once had when in the Yale Bowl waiting for the whistle to unleash eleven husky assassins from Harvard upon him came to Packy. This was the moment when he must put his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all. Now or never must the balloon go up.

He clutched the sides of his chair.

"Why should he go near your bedroom? You don't keep your jewels there."

"Yes, I do."

Packy gasped.

"You do? You mean to tell me that you . . . My dear Mrs. Gedge," said Packy earnestly, "you cannot realize the risks you are taking! It isn't safe for you, sleeping in that room with all that ice . . . I mean, it is most dangerous. . . . Why, use your imagination. First thing you know, some heist-guy . . . some burglar will break in. You wake up and get set to scream, and what happens then? Either he does a Brodie . . . he is faced with the alternative of making his escape by the window, or else he is compelled to choke you. And from what I know of English Ed the latter is the course he would choose. Or no account must you continue sleeping in that room."

"But I can't leave it empty."

"My advice would be that you change rooms with Mr. Gedge. After all, guarding jewels is man's work."

MRS. GEDGE brightened visibly at the suggestion. Packy, watching her tensely, felt how unerring had been Mr. Slattery's knowledge of feminine psychology when he had said that he guessed that if there was going to be a murder in the home she would rather it was the old man than she.

"Yes," she said meditatively.

"Yes," said Packy, helping the thing along.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gedge.

"Yes," said Packy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gedge.

It might have been a Hollywood story conference.

"I will tell Mr. Gedge when I see him," said the now quite cordial woman. "I can give him my revolver," she added, with a pleasant touch of wifely consideration.

"Exactly," said Packy. "Well, I am very glad to have had this little talk," he said, rising. "I hope you will feel that if anything happens I am always here for you to call upon."

He smiled a courteous, reassuring smile and walked out. He had scarcely gone when there was a slight fluttering noise from behind a large Spanish leather screen in the corner of the room, and there came into view the fragile form of Miss Putnam.

"Well, of all the hooley!" said Miss Putnam.

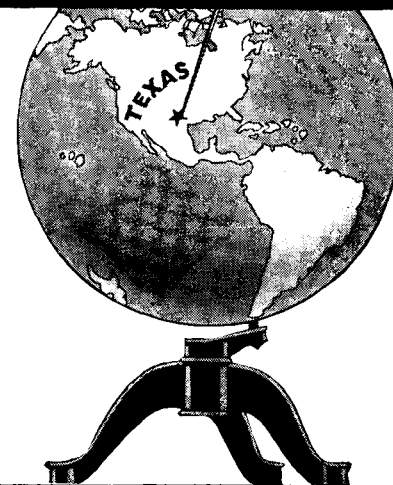
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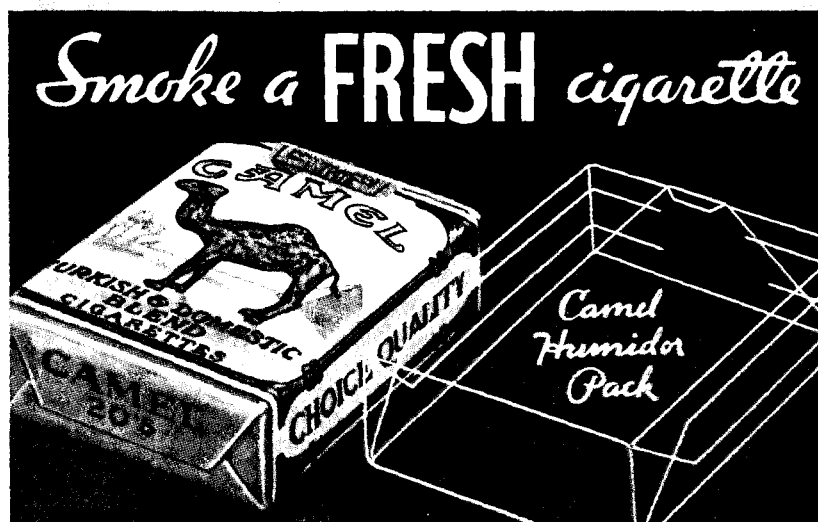
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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



● Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH